

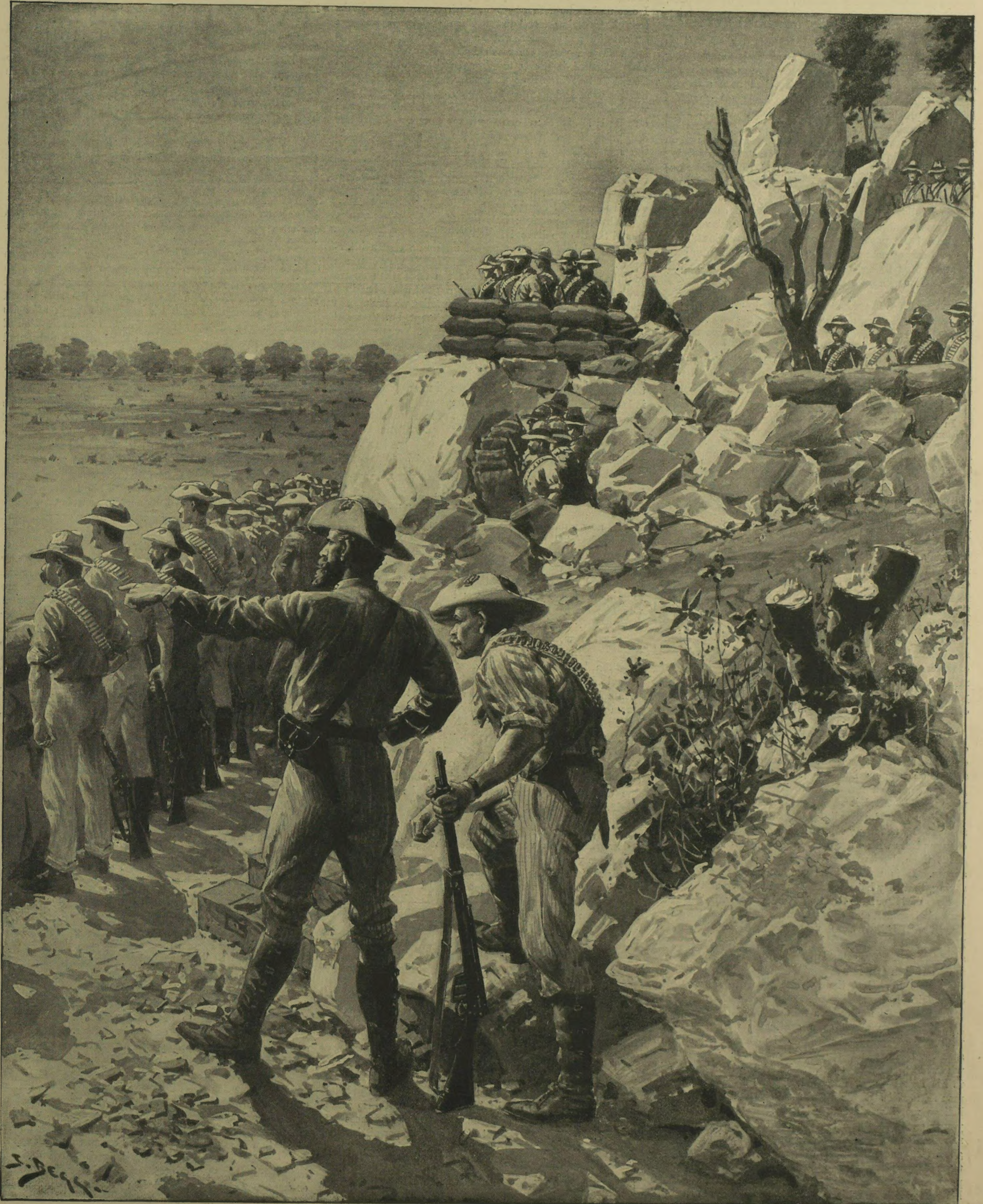
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.—INTERIOR OF FORT MOLYNEUX, AT FIG-TREE, TWENTY- EIGHT MILES FROM BULUWAYO: "STAND TO ARMS!"

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The success of flying machines, like the dealing of a suit apiece to four whist-players, generally takes place away from home; this is the drawback to the otherwise welcome news that the problem of aerostation has been solved at last in the United States. We have every confidence in telegraphic intelligence, but somehow we should prefer that the experiment in question had taken place within the metropolitan area. Our informant, however, is a well-known man of science, and he has with his own eyes seen a steam aërodrome "rise in spirals of a hundred yards in diameter to a height of one hundred feet, and complete a course of half a mile at the rate of twenty miles an hour." Half a mile is not a long journey, especially at that pace, but it is the longest that has yet been taken by a flying machine. We are assured that "no gas is used," and we hope this may be the case metaphorically as well as literally. Still, we have known a good many flying machines that have never flown except in the imagination of their projectors; and the subject has been always a tempting theme for practical jokers. The most successful hoax was probably that designed by Edgar Poe in 1844, which was published in the *New York Sun*: "Astounding news by express via Norfolk! The Atlantic crossed in three days! Signal triumph of Mr. March Mason's flying machine! Arrival at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Sardinia, of Mr. Mason, Mr. Robert Holland, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and four others, in the steering balloon Victoria, after a passage of seventy-five hours from land to land. Full particulars of the voyage." The sale of the paper was described as "prodigious," and the readers, of course, were "sold" in equal numbers. One fears that flying machines are likely still to remain "in the air" without being actually seen there.

The great trouble with our submerged population is, we are told, with that vagrant and shiftless class who above all things dislike regular employment and, indeed, have unfitted themselves by their mode of life and its consequences for hard work of any kind. A great deal of sympathy is extended to these persons, who are not slow to take advantage of it; but they appear to have been held in very low estimation by our forefathers—

In the XIIIth and XVIIIth yerres of Queene Elizabeth's gracious rayne two Actes were made for ydle, vagrante, and maisterlesse persons, that vsed to loyter, and would not worke, should for the first offence haue a hole burned through the gristle of one of his eares of an ynnch compass. And for the second offence committed therein, to be hanged. If these and such lyke lawes were executed justlye, treulye, and severely (as they ought to be) without any respect of persons, favour, or friendship, this filth of idleness would be soon cast out of the commonwealth, and there would be no pore loytering persons.

It is said that the extraordinary escape of the French flag-ship from destruction the other day, when a single cartridge exploded in the powder-magazine without doing further damage, was quite unparalleled; but in the humble records of the Paddington Canal an almost similar incident is recorded. In 1809 a barge was going along the (then secluded) New Cut, laden with casks of spirits and barrels of gunpowder: it is supposed that one of the crew bored a hole in one of the powder-barrels by mistake, meaning to steal spirits; the gimlet set fire to the powder and eleven other barrels were blown to the distance of 150 yards, but only the single barrel exploded.

In connection with Stevenson's idea of an exchange of consciences, alluded to in last week's "Note Book," a correspondent remarks that an exchange of lots would be a far more popular institution. This, however, I doubt. Mr. Bultitude did not desire to become a schoolboy any more than he liked it when the transmigration took place. We often talk of regarding others with envy, but there are probably not many cases where men would be willing to change places with other people. We do not know enough about them, however prosperous and cheerful they may appear. It is untrue to say, what the rich are always saying, that they have troubles equal to those of the poor, because the latter have them *plus* their poverty, but all of us have our troubles, and only ourselves know what they are. Few human beings have, probably, unalloyed happiness, like a dog in the sun. As the Scotch lady observed, when speaking of her daughter's marriage, "She hates her gude man, but then 'there's always a something.'" It is only those who have lost their health who could be sure of exchanging lots with the hale to their own advantage. As for myself, I do not envy a millionaire, who is often an invalid, half so much as a centipede, who gets about with great facility, though, to be sure, at no great speed. I have no sympathy whatever with people who want to be young again. What Lord Clonmell said to his friend—"My dear Val, I have been a fortunate man all my life. I am a Chief Justice and an Earl, but, believe me, I would rather be beginning the world as a young sweep"—seems to me a most deplorable and very mistaken aspiration: he may, however, have had rheumatic gout. The most touching description of the relative positions of "youth and age" is found, perhaps, in the exquisite poem so entitled by Coleridge, but the contrast is between his own youth and his own age. Somewhere in the *Life of Theodore Hook* there is a very moving account of the

arrival of some golden youth at a supper-party composed of the wit and his contemporaries, all by that time far in the vale of years, and most of whom had "lived every day of their lives." With this battered but jovial crew Hook contrasts the young fellow and the future before him in one of his extempore songs. It is very pathetic, and not the less so since it is obvious that the singer misses its moral.

An eloquent writer has been praising Scilly, and very justly; but you have to get there and you have to get back again. Of course, it is very foolish, and must seem very contemptible to travelled folk, especially to those who are not sea-sick; but to many of us a sea-passage, however short, is a serious impediment to travel. It is a humiliating confession for a possible descendant of the Vikings to make, but from Stoke's Bay to Ryde is the longest voyage I can undertake without—well, with equanimity. Folks talk of "running over" to the Channel Islands, but you cannot do it; it is water, water all the way, and none of it level. When you have reached them they are, no doubt, very beautiful, but from the thoughtful mind the recollection of that awful voyage and the reflection that it has to be gone over again, are never absent. It is not the danger: who cares about danger when one is sea-sick? "Perish everybody!" is then one's motto, not excluding our despairing selves. What makes the sea so obnoxious to the stay-at-home is the sense of separation that it produces. Scilly is not very far from Penzance, but it seems further when one is there than Penzance is from London. There is a solution of continuity that no distance on land can produce. Of course, the post comes in occasionally, and other people arrive; but, somehow or other, between us and the life we have left—only, perhaps, for a day or two—a drawbridge seems pulled up, and a chasm intervenes. If one adds to that the sensation (a very common one) that one's business is going to the dogs when we are away from it, it is no wonder that a good many holiday-makers decline to cross the sea. Some folks, no doubt, will regard these sentiments with great contempt, but that will not be the view of the really travelled man. I ventured one day to express them to one of European reputation, and they interested him immensely, though, of course, he could no more understand them than I could his preference for uncooked (and, as I privately suspect, human) food. Why, indeed, should we be ashamed of expressing our dislike to marine travel? It is the same want of moral courage that prevents us from excusing ourselves when our country host proposes a visit to the stables after breakfast: perhaps in time the horseless carriage will have destroyed the cult of the horse; then, I suppose we shall be asked to see the coach-house.

In the admirable novel, "Rodney Stone," by Dr. Conan Doyle, now publishing in serial, various personages of the time are depicted, among them Sir John Lade, with whom many readers will probably not have been previously acquainted. In the fine race from Brighton to London between himself and Rodney's uncle, he drives a four-in-hand, while the latter "tools" a tandem. He was one of the great "Corinthians," in the days when George III. was King, but was not much distinguished outside the world of whips and prize-fighters. When George, Prince of Wales, was at the Pavilion at Brighton, he asked Lord Thurlow to dinner, but knowing the old Chancellor's character, he took occasion to apologise to him for some of the guests he was about to meet, among whom was Sir John. The sturdy old Chancellor, leaning on his cane, looking his Royal Highness straight in the face, with great resolution replied, "Sir, I make exceptions to no man. Sir John Lade, for instance, whom your Royal Highness has thought proper to mention by name, is an excellent character in his proper place; but that, with all due deference, I humbly conceive to be your Royal Highness's coach-box, and not your table."

The telling your guest beforehand who are to be his fellow-guests is a very good idea, though it may sometimes lose you his company. (This is a very different idea from printing at the bottom of one's invitation-card "to meet" some Transparency or celebrated character, which resembles ostentation much more than hospitality, and has always struck me as the reverse of a compliment.) If you want a friend to enjoy himself why should you not give him the pleasure of anticipation, and still more the opportunity of avoiding a disagreeable evening which is sure to result from the presence of one with whom he is on ill terms. By this means, it is true, we lose the delights of unexpectedness; but even these cannot be confidently counted upon. I have known one brother hospitably invited, as an agreeable surprise, to meet another, only to find that they did not "speak."

The affection of a certain eminent judge for his dog, which has caused him to dedicate a canine hospital to his memory, has been shared by other members of the judicial bench. Lord Clare brought his Newfoundland into court to mitigate, by his endearments, the tediousness of counsel. Erskine astonished his clients by permitting his four-footed favourite to be present at consultation. Lord Hermand took his to church with him, or where there was no church the animal attended the Dissenting meeting, for, like his master, he was a latitudinarian. Nor are dogs the only animals which have gained the affection of the Bench.

Lord Gardenstone had a favourite pig which followed him about everywhere. Sir Walter Scott, it will be remembered, though fond of animals, was rather ashamed of the affection he had inspired in a youthful porker; but the judge was proud of it. When he went to bed piggy lay on his clothes till morning, just as a dog curls himself to sleep, except that it was only his tail that curled. The love of animals in judicial persons, we may reasonably presume, shows mildness of character, but it is not always so. There is a well-known story of one of the Committee of Safety in the French Revolution whose heart was large enough for quite a pack of dogs, yet far from tender. A lady who had pleaded for her husband's life in vain was passing from this gentleman's presence when she trod by accident on the foot of one of his pets. "Madam!" he exclaimed with genuine indignation, "have you no humanity?"

The eye, we are told, brings with it what it sees, and sometimes a great deal more than what is really there. It can also close itself and become unconscious of what is to be seen. A generous and poetic nature such as Louis Stevenson's perceived a thousand beauties in life in Samoa besides those which in reality existed; it is probable that he was also voluntarily blind to its terrible defects. That he could see them when he pleased is certain from his last completed story, "The Ebb Tide." It seems to me that that work was a kind of moral compensation on his part resembling the conscience-money that is returned to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "I have hitherto," he may almost have said to himself, "described only the golden side of the shield of life here; it is only fair that I should for once present the reverse of it, though it is of such unspeakably base material." A picture of the same place and the same people of whom Stevenson writes so glowingly has now been given to us by one who takes very different views of them. He concerns himself almost exclusively with the reverse of the shield, and curiously enough he calls his book, as though after its godfather, "The Ebbing of the Tide." It is a collection of stories of the South Seas, and not of Samoa only, and describes them with a truth it is impossible to gainsay, just as, of some striking portrait of one we have never seen, we exclaim with confidence "How like!"

Stevenson's descriptions of the land he loved remind us of those of a traveller from some tropic clime who tells us of its splendid scenery, and the glorious vegetation, and the splendours of sky and sea, but drops no word of the serpents that infest the woods, or the mosquitos that render sleep impossible. Our present author, on the contrary, hides none of the drawbacks of his paradise. While he admits that every prospect pleases, he tells us that man is viler there than elsewhere, and that while woman has every grace and beauty she is irredeemably profligate and almost always mercenary. Of the male native little is said, but of the white—the trader—we have a picture which is nothing less than loathsome. Greater blackguards never roamed the Main in the days of Kidd and Blackbeard than are now to be found in the South Seas. If a very few of these have the domestic virtues, honesty as regards their employers is unknown to them. Here is one of them, Captain Liardet, who has been stabbed, and we may be sure not without provocation, by a native, and who sits, in his dying hour, propped up in his bunk and smoking his last pipe. His mate, Russell (almost the only decent person with whom the reader makes acquaintance), is with him—

"Joe," said Liardet, in his practical way, which even the words of the doctor and the face of the clock before him could not change, "cock your ears and listen, for I haven't got much time, and you have the ship to look to. I want you to tell the owners that this affair at La Vandola wasn't my fault. We was doing fair and square trading when a buck drives his knife into me for no apparent reason beyond the simple damned fun of the thing. Well, he's done for me, and Tommy Tonga for him, and that's all you've got to say about that. Next thing is to ask 'em to sling Tommy a fiver over and above his wages for saving of the boat and trade, mind, Joe. Don't say for potting the nigger, Joe; boat and trade, boat and trade, that's the tack to go on with owners, Joe. Well, let's see, now. . . . My old woman. See she gets fair play, wages up to date of death, eh, Joe? By gad, old man, she won't get much of a cheque—only four months out now from Sydney. Look here, Joe, the Belgian's all right! He won't go telling tales. So don't you log me dead for another month, and make as bad a passage as you can. There's only us three white men aboard, and the native boys will take their Bible oath I didn't die until the ship was off Lord Howe Island if you give 'em a box of tobacco. You see, Joe? That's the dodge. More days, more dollars, and the longer you keep the ship at sea the more money comes to all hands. And I know I can trust you, Joe, to lend a hand in making the old woman's cheque a little bigger."

Mrs. Liardet is a white woman (utterly worthless, by the way), and is therefore of some consideration. Native women are of no value, except in dollars. One of the saddest of these stories tells us of a very beautiful girl who has fallen in love with another "captain," who, instead of sailing home with her, as he promised, designs her for the Honolulu market. She discovers which way he is steering, and jumps overboard. "A sad end to the poor girl's life," says the supercargo. "Yes," says the captain, who has resumed within five minutes of her suicide his wonted occupation of making tortoise-shell ornaments with a fret-saw, "and a sad end to my lovely five hundred dollars." This book, though full of interest and vigour, will disenchant a good many folks whom Stevenson's genius has set a-longing for the South Seas.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

With splendid pomp of State ceremony and richly elaborate ecclesiastical rite, his Imperial Majesty Nicholas II. was on Tuesday last solemnly crowned and consecrated as Czar of the Russian Empire amid the demonstrations of the profoundest loyalty and enthusiasm on the part of his subjects and the general rejoicings of the representatives of foreign Powers assembled in honour of the august occasion. Five days before the accomplishment of the central fact of the celebration on which all Russia has for some time been intent at its ancient capital of Moscow, the swelling prologue to the imperial theme was sounded when, on May 21, the Czar and Czarina made their State entry into the city and its venerable citadel, the Kremlin, from the Petrovsky Palace, the royal residence on the outskirts of the town, where they had sojourned in retirement since their arrival at Moscow. The Tverskaya Road leading from this palace into the heart of the city was brilliantly decorated with triumphal arches, pavilions, and gay ornamentations of every kind, and the whole route was lined with dense crowds of spectators, all animated by one pulse of enthusiasm. When the hour of mid-day sounded the ceremony was announced by the clanging of the great bell from the Gate of the Redeemer, followed by the firing of a salute from the walls of the Kremlin.

CORONATION STANDARD.

Another salute of seventy guns proclaimed the entry of the Czar within the boundary of the ancient capital. At this point his Imperial Majesty was met by the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-General of Moscow, who presented bread and salt in accordance with ancient custom. The same ceremony was repeated by the Mayor and municipal authorities some distance further along the route, and at intervals throughout the journey were drawn up deputations of the nobility, the professions, and representatives of every element in the national life of Russia, all arrayed to give greeting to their Czar. The procession itself formed a brilliant pageant, unique in its intermingled glimpses of Western and Eastern civilisations. A troop of mounted gendarmes led the way, followed by the Emperor's personal escort of Cossacks. Two other squadrons of Cossacks of the Guard followed, and then the Don Cossacks, with their lances erect. Then came a group of striking, barbaric appearance, consisting of the chiefs and representatives of the Asiatic countries which are the vassals of Russia. Here, in rich apparel, and mounted on magnificent steeds, rode the Khan of Khiva, the Ameer of Bokhara, and other princes of the tributary East. These picturesque personages were succeeded by a brilliant array of the leading nobility of Russia, followed, in turn, by servants of the imperial Court, including the four negroes who are always attached to the imperial suite. A body of huntsmen then appeared, followed by a line of carriages containing the chief officials of the State and the representatives of foreign Courts. At last came the Emperor himself, preceded by two squadrons of Horse Guards in white uniforms, with glittering gold breastplates and helmets. The Emperor himself rode on a white Arab steed, and was immediately followed by his military staff, the Grand Dukes, and the foreign Princes assembled for the coronation. Then came two sumptuous gilded carriages, in the first of which sat the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna, while the second contained the Czarina, as yet uncrowned. Other coaches bore the Grand Duchesses of the imperial family and the ladies of the Court, and the procession was closed by a military guard. Before the Kremlin was reached a halt was made at the Chapel of the Iberian Madonna, where the Czar and Czarina alighted and paid their devotions before the altar, over which hangs a picture of the Virgin held in especial reverence. Thence the procession passed on through the Holy Gate into the Kremlin, where the Czar and Czarina attended service in the Cathedral of the Assumption, and with pious ceremony visited the other chief churches of the ancient citadel before passing to their State apartments. In the evening their Imperial Majesties left for the Alexandrina Palace, without the town, there to spend in seclusion the days preparatory to their solemn coronation.

On the day before this supreme ceremony the imperial insignia were moved with much elaborate pomp from the Treasury to the Throne-Room. On another page we give illustrations of some of the regalia. The Czar and Czarina arrived at the Kremlin once more, and the eve of the coronation, which had been duly proclaimed by heralds the day before, was celebrated by a solemn service, attended only by the imperial party and suite, in the Church of the Redeemer.

The day of the actual coronation was ushered in by brilliant weather. At seven o'clock in the morning the clang of bells and the saluting of cannon proclaimed the advent of the august ceremony, and long before the Emperor was expected to make his appearance the great court of the Kremlin was thronged by eager thousands, the limited space within the Cathedral of the Assumption being reserved for the privileged few. The Dowager Empress was the first of the imperial party to enter the Cathedral, being escorted by a cortège of State dignitaries to her seat on the imperial dais, where two thrones awaited the arrival of the Czar and Czarina, who shortly afterwards passed down the Red Staircase of the Kremlin, attended by a brilliant throng, including the members of the State Council who bore the coronation insignia. Preceded by the Court chaplain, who blessed the path before them, their Imperial Majesties passed into the Cathedral beneath a vast canopy borne by sixteen Generals, while the cheers of the great crowds gathered in and around the Kremlin rent the air in response to the salute of a hundred guns.

When the Emperor and Empress had taken their seats on the two thrones, the choir sang, "I will sing of thy mercy and judgment, O Lord." The Czar then recited the Creed in response to the address of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg. The Litany followed, with special prayers for the Emperor, who then took off the ordinary chain of the Order of St. Andrew, and put on the diamond chain of the same Order. The Metropolitan of St. Petersburg assisted him to don the purple robe, and, with his hands upon the Emperor's head, recited the coronation prayers, and then placed the crown upon his head. The sceptre and orb were likewise presented in response to the Emperor's command. His Imperial Majesty summoned the Empress and, as she knelt before him, took off his crown and touched her head with it, afterwards placing a smaller crown upon her head. He then raised the Empress and embraced her. After certain other details of ritual the Emperor advanced to the altar and was anointed with the Holy Chrism on forehead, eyes, ears, mouth, breast, and hands. The Empress then approached and was anointed on the forehead only. The Emperor was conducted within the altar-rails and partook of the Holy Eucharist in the same form as the priests—

whom he had known in Zululand or in Kaffraria years before, and learnt much about the state of affairs in South Africa generally, as well as the probable effects of these Transvaal and Matabililand troubles upon European settlers' interests in that region. At Palapye he had an interview with that courteous, amiable, and enlightened Christian native Prince, Khama, the ruler of the Bamangwato, the loyal and useful ally of England, who not long ago was a welcome guest here in London.

The native population all along the road, in Bechuana-land and in Matabililand, now suffering extreme distress, while the European settlers engaged in agricultural or pastoral industry have to bear ruinous losses from the rinderpest or fatal cattle disease of this season, appear to have excited Mr. Prior's sympathy and compassion at every stage of this journey. For several hundred miles, he says, the stench of dead oxen lying unburied, in spite of all efforts of the people under official orders to inter them as quickly as possible when they had perished, or when they had been shot to prevent the spread of the contagious malady, poisoned the air. Thousands upon thousands of those valuable animals, to most of the natives, we understand, their chief means of subsistence, and to many European owners—British, Dutch, and Germans—the stock in which they had invested their small capital, have suddenly been destroyed. Famine is impending, and we cannot but think with Mr. Prior that a subscription relief fund might well be started in London by a Lord Mayor's Mansion House Committee for the mitigation of this terrible disaster. At one place, Gaberones, he found there were 234 recently dead oxen. It does not seem that there has been any neglect or remissness on the part of the Government officials under the direct control of the British High Commissioner, who pay from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. for each dead animal buried, while the killing of those infected with rinderpest is compulsory; and the enforcement of this last regulation, its motive not being rightly understood, may have been one cause of the Matabili insurrection.

As for the delay and confusion of goods traffic along the road to Buluwayo in the last week of March, our Special Artist's description of it gives some curious anecdotes and examples; but we must conclude by stating that he at length drew near to the Matabililand capital, passed through Mangwé, where a fort and "laager," or enclosed wagon-camp, had been established and garrisoned; also the fort, under the command of Colonel Molyneux, at Fig Tree, twenty-eight miles south of Buluwayo; and finally reached his destination. Some details of a more descriptive kind must be reserved for a future number of our Journal. The sketch furnished by a correspondent, Mr. H. J. Hirschler, shows the action at Inseza, where Gifford's and Southey's companies of armed police and volunteers relieved the European inhabitants and their families attacked by the savage foe at an earlier period of the revolt. This was the conflict in which Sergeant O'Leary was killed, as was related in our news columns about two months ago.

## THE DERBY FAVOURITES.

(See Coloured Supplement.)

Although the general opinion is that we are in for a one-horse Derby the oldest authorities take the book for it and contend that

no certainties exist as far as horse-racing is concerned. The fact cannot, however, be ignored that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild stands a good chance of capturing the Blue Riband of the Turf with St. Frusquin, a son of St. Simon and of Isabel, who has never known defeat but on one occasion, when he just failed to give twelve pounds to Teufel for the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton last year. St. Frusquin won the Two Thousand Guineas easily, and the colt is much liked by the horse-watchers. He will be ridden by T. Loates, who is the most successful jockey of the year. Loates has already won the Derby on two occasions with Donovan and Isinglass, and he can be relied upon to get home once more if the horse is good enough. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who is one of the most popular owners, won the Derby with Sir Bevy's, but at that time he raced under the nom de course of Mr. Acton. Undoubtedly the most popular win would be that of Persimmon, as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales seldom misses an Epsom meeting, and his colours are always followed by the rank and file of wagerers. Persimmon, a colt by St. Simon—Perdita II. ran three times as a two-year-old. He won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot and the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, but he was a bad third to St. Frusquin and Omladina in the Middle Park Plate, though it should be added that the colt was, more or less, under suspicion at the time. The Prince of Wales acted wisely in allowing the colt to miss his Two Thousand engagement with a view to the Epsom race. Persimmon will be ridden by John Watts, who has been one of our most successful jockeys in the classic events. Watts knows every foot of the Epsom course, and a big reception awaits his return should he get home first in the royal colours. It is unfortunate that the Kingsclere horses should have shown such poor form up to now, as the race-going public pin their faith on John Porter's lot when the classic races come to be discussed. The hope of the stable for the Derby is Regret, a colt by Sheen—Farewell, owned by the Duke of Westminster. As a two-year-old, Regret won the only race he ran in, the Houghton Stakes at Newmarket, and it was then thought that he was very smart, but unfortunately the damp weather of the early spring this year caused the going at Kingsclere to be anything but sound, and the horses under John Porter's charge are backward. Regret will be ridden by M. Cannon, a champion in his profession.



Photo Jarrett and Walker.

THE MATABILI INSURRECTION: OXEN DISEASED WITH RINDERPEST SHOT AT GABERONES, IN THE BRITISH BECHUANA PROTECTORATE.

namely, the two elements separately. The Empress afterwards received the sacrament after the ordinary rite. Their Imperial Majesties then returned to their thrones, preceded by the regalia which had been borne before them to the altar. All the priests and the whole congregation made three deep bows in acknowledgment of the completion of the imperial ceremony, and after some other formalities the Emperor and Empress left the Cathedral and paid their devotions in the several other churches of the Kremlin. When the religious ceremonial was finally accomplished a banquet was held in the Throne-Room of the Palace, and the day which had been rendered historical by the splendour of its pomp closed amid the national rejoicings of the Emperor's loyal subjects in Moscow and throughout the Russian realm.

## THE MATABILI WAR.

We have received from Mr. Melton Prior, our well-known Special Artist in South Africa, with his sketches in Matabililand this week published, letters describing the whole of his journey, which occupied eighteen days, including a delay caused by illness on the road, from Johannesburg to Buluwayo, by way of Mafeking, Palapye, in Bechuana-land, Tati, and Mangwé, a distance considerably exceeding one thousand miles, performed within the Transvaal by railway, but afterwards by the stage-coach with a team of mules. His narrative abounds with characteristic incidents and with the shrewd observations of an experienced traveller. We extract some notices of the particular topics of our present illustrations.

After leaving Johannesburg, where he had resided nearly four months and had witnessed all the stirring events of the suppression of the Uitlanders' intended political revolution upon the defeat of Dr. Jameson's expedition, Mr. Prior travelled westward by railway, in three days and nights, to Mafeking, the frontier town of British Bechuana-land; whence he took a seat in the stage-coach, drawn by sixteen mules, on the road northward, through the territory of the British Bechuana Protectorate and Khama's kingdom, to the Matabililand part of the British South Africa Chartered Company's territories, the capital of which, Buluwayo, is six or seven days' ordinary coach-journey from Mafeking. He met several old friends





THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.—RELIEF OF INSEZA BY THE HON. MAURICE GIFFORD AND INSPECTOR SOUTHEY: MATABILI ATTACK ON CUMMIN'S STORE.  
*From Sketches and Descriptions by Mr. H. J. Hirschler.*



# THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



MANGWE POST STATION AND LAAGER, ON THE ROAD TO BULUWAYO.



READY FOR THE ENEMY: FORT MOLYNEUX, AT FIG-TREE, TWENTY-EIGHT MILES FROM BULUWAYO.



## PERSONAL.

Baron Hirsch is said to have left twenty millions sterling, apart from his real estate. Ten millions will eventually pass to a little girl ten years old, the daughter of the Baron's son, who died before his father. There seems to be some trouble over the administration of the property, owing to the disputable terms of the will; and the executors are reported to have no particular relish for their task, for which the will allots them five years and a thousand a year each.

The Sultan has another opportunity of expressing his surprise at the fuss in Europe over Turkish atrocities. He will probably deny that there have been any massacres by Turkish soldiery in Crete, though the Powers are sending war-ships for the protection of their subjects in that island. By a striking touch of irony an Armenian priest has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for having translated one of Lord Salisbury's speeches into Armenian. This is a tribute to the Sultan's sense of humour; but in Crete there is not so much scope for practical joking as in Asia Minor.

Professor Goldwin Smith has suddenly revived the woman's suffrage controversy by a letter to the *Times*. He affirms that in the United States the demand for the franchise for women is dying out. In States where the experiment has been tried its success is dubious. In Colorado there is a movement for the repeal of the statute which gave woman a vote. Professor Goldwin Smith suggests that England would be the chief sufferer by a revolution which should admit women to political equality with men. This opinion has naturally opened the flood-gates of feminine eloquence.

The late Edward Armitage, R.A., had withdrawn from the public eye some little time before his death. He was

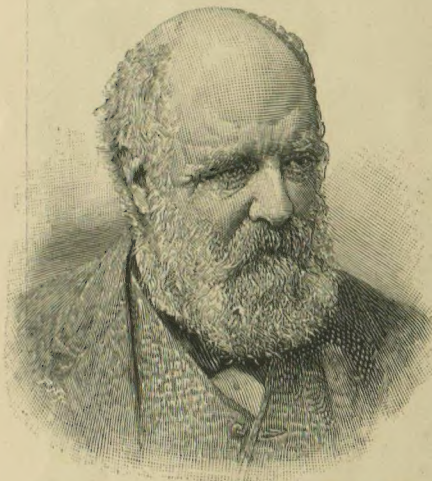


Photo Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A.

a pupil of Delaroche, and most of his works showed traces of that master. He was in the Crimea during the war, and painted "The Heavy Cavalry Charge at Balaklava," and "The Stand of the Guards at Inkerman." Mr. Armitage did a good deal of decorative work, notably a frieze entitled "A Dream of Fair Women" in the Academy Exhibition of 1872. He was elected an Academician in that year, and became Professor and Lecturer on Painting to the Academy in 1875.

Sir William Harcourt has written a letter which is an echo from Malwood of the all-night sitting which preceded the rising of the Commons for the Whitsun recess. Sir William led the Opposition all through that battle with unabated vigour. He did not plead that he had no bath and no breakfast, but fought grimly on like an old gladiator who does not trouble himself at the lack of luxuries when fighting is in progress. Ministers were determined to get the Agricultural Rating Bill through Committee, and the Radicals were equally resolved to make this operation as long as possible. It was pretty hard on the Chair. Mr. James Lowther bore the brunt of the struggle with unflinching impartiality. He refused the closure six times, and cheerfully called on the Speaker to suspend five members. There was no temper in the proceedings from first to last.

Mr. John Redmond has found in the opposition of the Anti-Parnellites to the Rating Bill a new proof of treason to Ireland. By delaying the Rating Bill Mr. Dillon has delayed the Education Bill, which comes before the Irish Land Bill; therefore he has struck a treacherous blow at the Land Bill. This is Mr. Redmond's attempt to place the Nationalists in a new dilemma. It is not so ingenious and successful as the strategy by which Sir John Gorst has driven a wedge into the Irish and Radical alliance.

Mr. Charles Darling proposes an ingenious plan to relieve Ministers with a great majority from the necessity of having all their legions at hand to resist obstruction. Why keep all the Unionists out of their beds all night? There might be a fixed majority every sitting, to be relieved the next evening by gentlemen who had enjoyed a night's repose. It may be objected that this arrangement would give substance to the old taunt about a "mechanical majority." In theory members are supposed to be present at every debate; and it might be awkward if a member coming in for his night's duty were prompted to a speech showing that he knew nothing about certain proceedings at the previous sitting. It is probable that for various reasons Mr. Darling's scheme will not be adopted, but it would certainly suit the convenience of most members, and might even be adopted by the Opposition, if Oppositions were not always anxious to pass as the exclusive champions of freedom of discussion.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have returned after their successful American tour. In her absence Miss Terry has sustained two severe bereavements. Her youngest sister has been followed to the grave by the father of the celebrated family, Mr. Benjamin Terry. Mr. Terry was never an actor, but all his seven children have been connected with the stage, either as dramatic artists or in the business department of the theatre.

One of the oldest and most experienced whaling captains of the country has passed away in the person of Captain

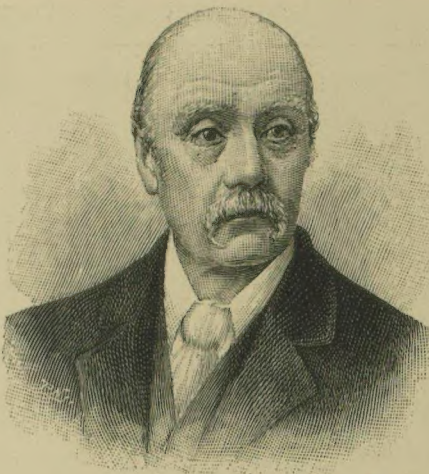


Photo MacMahon, Aberdeen.  
THE LATE CAPTAIN DAVID GRAY.

David Gray, of Peterhead, who died on May 16. Captain Gray was born in Peterhead sixty-six years ago, and came of a family which had already produced several well-known whale and seal hunters. Captain Gray availed himself of his antecedents and upbringing, and became not only an intrepid seaman, but also a prominent authority on Arctic navigation generally, and an acknowledged expert in the natural history of the whale. He made his first whaling expedition in 1844 with his father, Captain John Gray, who then commanded the *Eclipse*. Another five years saw him in command of a whaling vessel himself, and for many a long year he was a well-known figure among the whalers of all nationalities as the captain of the steamer *Eclipse*, which he built for himself. During some forty-three years Captain Gray brought home the produce of 197 whales and 168,950 seals from Greenland and elsewhere. This record showed an average of 113½ tons per voyage. In later years this record decreased considerably, the decline in the whole industry being attributed by Captain Gray to the introduction of steam, which frightened the whales from afar and gave them time to evade pursuit. Of recent years Captain Gray devoted much interest to the promotion of whale-hunting in the Antarctic Seas, but his scheme for an expedition was forestalled by others who had profited by his investigations.

On Wednesday, May 20, a delightful performance of "Fra Diavolo" was given at Covent Garden—a performance which should have made Auber turn with delight even in his long-dug grave. It is a pleasant and agreeable matter to think that, all the world over, humour is the one abiding quality. Sixty years have passed since Auber set the last note to his score of "Fra Diavolo," and, with natural exceptions, on this occasion the work flew as swiftly, posed as freshly, and sang as sweetly as in the early days of its justified success. There are old fashions in it—fashions of its period; conventional phrases, musical catchwords of its time; but its salvation is its bubbling humour, its vitality, its delightful high spirits. Miss Marie Engle, the Zerlina of this occasion, was in her way perfect with her piquancy, her sweetness of voice, her charm of manner, and her unassuming gaiety. Signor de Lucia was the Fra Diavolo, a pleasant, dare-devil conception of the part, but sung just a little out of tune and with some persistency. Mr. Bispham was an excellent Lord Roclburg and Miss Pauline Joran a meritorious Lady Pamela; Signor Pini-Corsi's genuine humour was delightful in the part of Beppo, and Signor Bevigiani conducted quite admirably.

Two other operatic performances have to be noted, in both of which M. Jean de Reszke achieved a notable triumph. The first took place on Friday, May 22, when he interpreted the part of Lohengrin with singular and dignified success. This was a vindication of operatic

acting in the best sense of the phrase. M. Jean de Reszke understands in this part precisely how much of the dramatic to remove from the mere libretto and to throw upon his exquisitely tuned singing voice. In the love duet of the third act he was unsurpassable: it is music which, however erotic, does not, indeed, approach the sexuality of Gounod's "Faust"; but it is in other senses—of depth, of tenseness, and of sincerity—as great as that "Faust" music in which this same artist achieved his second triumph on Monday, May 25. M. Jean de Reszke, as an utterer of the love-note in music, knows no living rival; and in the prodigious love-music of the second act of "Faust" he easily swung himself to the level of Gounod's enormous desire and no less large accomplishment. In "Lohengrin" M. Edouard de Reszke took the part of Henry the Fowler with strong distinction; and the Elsa of Madame Albani was such as was recorded last week in this column. In "Faust" M. Edouard de Reszke was a deeply moving Mefistofele; and Mdlle. Macintyre's Marguerite was, with certain limitations, quite charming. Signor Mancinelli conducted both performances with his customary artistic skill.

In the recent bicycle race from Bordeaux to Paris in which a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman took part, the English representative, Linton, must have felt, with Mr. Gilbert's policeman, that his lot was not a happy one. The German was early put out of the running by a vicious dog of a well-known French type, to which cycles seem necessarily anathema; and for a great part of the journey the Frenchman, Riviere, went easily ahead. By dint of amazing skill and perseverance, however, Linton worked his way, and steadily gained upon the French champion; the race was clearly his when he was overtaken by another cyclist, and his face was badly cut. Nothing daunted, he remounted, unfortunately took the wrong road, and still beat the Frenchman by a minute. But there is no denying the technical disqualification. A wrong road is a wrong road, whether it be shorter or longer than the appointed route; and the French judges acted with equal generosity and discretion in awarding two first prizes and dividing the spoil between the two champions.

The death of Canon Raine, which took place on May 20, has removed a man of some distinction in the ecclesiastical world, and an antiquary of widespread reputation. Canon Raine was a son of the late Rev. Dr. Raine, of Durham, and after graduating at the University of his native town, was elected to a Fellowship in 1852. Some fourteen years ago the same University conferred on him the degree of D.C.L. in recognition of his valuable work in the cause of antiquarian research. He was appointed a Canon Residentiary of York Cathedral in 1888, after having twice represented the Archdeaconry in Convocation. Mr. Raine was a well-known Churchman in York, having held the living of All Saints' Pavement with St. Crux since 1868.

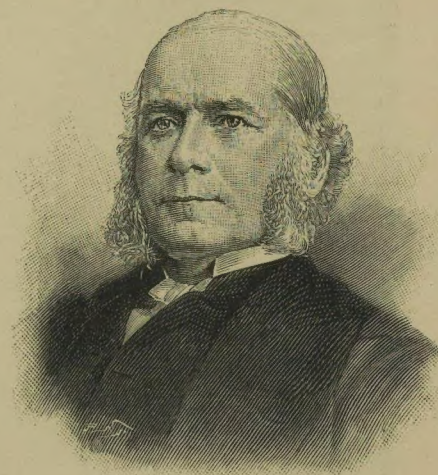


Photo Glasby, York.  
THE LATE REV. JAMES RAINE,  
Chancellor and Canon of York Cathedral.

The announcement of the death of Lady Watkin, wife of Sir Edward Watkin, on May 26, at Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, removes an interesting figure in the history of this Journal. Lady Watkin, whose maiden name was Ann Little, was the wife of Mr. Herbert Ingram, the founder of *The Illustrated London News*. She was born at Eye Green, near Peterborough. During the period which followed the tragic death of Mr. Ingram and his eldest son in Lake Michigan his widow took considerable interest in the management of the journal he had founded. Upon her sons reaching their majority, however, she gradually abandoned all active control, and for some years had been entirely severed from the conduct of *The Illustrated London News*. She married in 1892 Sir Edward Watkin, formerly M.P. for Hythe. She was eighty-four years of age at her death, and will be greatly mourned in her first husband's native town of Boston, where her charities were considerable. She will be buried by the side of Mr. Herbert Ingram, in Boston Cemetery on May 30.

## EPSOM RACES: THE DERBY AND OAKS.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements so that trains may be dispatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Racecourse Station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand. Passengers will also be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by certain direct trains to the Epsom Downs Station, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the special fast trains from Victoria to the Epsom Downs Station. And for the convenience of passengers from the northern and midland counties, arrangements have been made with the several railway companies to issue through tickets to the racecourse station from all their principal stations via Kensington (Addison Road) or Victoria, to which stations the trains of the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running. Passengers will also be booked through to the Epsom Town Station by trains from Liverpool Street, Shoreditch, and East London Line stations, via New Cross and Peckham Rye Junctions.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 1, 2, 3, and 4, for the sale of the special tickets to the Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, at the same fares as charged from the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. Tickets to the Downs Station may also be obtained at the usual offices. In addition to the arrangements for special passenger traffic from London to Epsom and back on the race days, a special train for horses and attendants will leave Newmarket at 7.35 a.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 1, 2, 3, and 4, via Liverpool Street and the East London Line, direct to Epsom, arriving at 11.5 a.m. each day.



INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO CHALLENGE TROPHY.

This trophy was won at the recent tournament in India by the 2nd Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry. It is in the form of a tazza-shaped cup with two massive ornamental handles, and bearing upon each side scenes representing the game of polo chased in bold relief. Between each panel is a richly chased ornamentation of laurel. The top of the cup is surmounted by a statuette of a polo-player, and the whole stands upon an ebony base bearing a number of plaques upon which the winners' names are engraved. The trophy was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, W.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen passed her seventy-seventh birthday, happily in good health, on Sunday, May 24, at Windsor Castle, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and her husband, Prince and Princess Christian, with Prince Christian Victor and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice of Albany, and the Princess of Leiningen; the infant children of the Duke and Duchess of York had been brought to the Queen by their parents on Saturday, and had been left with their great-grandmother. The Prince of Wales also visited her Majesty on Saturday, and the Princess of Wales on Friday, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark. Prince and Princess Adolphus of Teck, the Marquis of Salisbury and Lady Salisbury, the Bishop of Ripon, who preached in the private chapel on Sunday, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, General Sir Francis Scott, and Sir William Maxwell have been guests of her Majesty. On Tuesday evening the Queen left Windsor for Balmoral.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of York, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, and Prince Charles of Denmark, left London for Sandringham on Saturday.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated at Paris, Berlin, and other foreign capitals; Lord Dufferin, her Majesty's Ambassador in Paris, gave a full-dress dinner to sixty guests; the German Emperor and Empress, at the New Palace, Berlin, entertained the members of the British Embassy and a large party at luncheon; and at Moscow, after a special service held in the English Church of St. Andrew, where a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Peterborough, there was a dinner at the Embassy, with seven round tables, at each of which sat one of our Queen's children or grandchildren—namely, the Duke of Connaught, with the Duchess; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Grand Duke of Hesse, with the Grand Duchess; the Princess of Roumania; Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia; the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia.

On Wednesday, June 10, the Princess of Wales holds a Drawing-Room on behalf of the Queen at Buckingham Palace. On June 6 the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, open the Exhibition at the People's Palace, East London. Her Royal Highness, on May 20, presided at the meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association; and next day opened a bazaar in aid of the funds of the West London Hospital at Hammer-smith. The Duke of York presided, on the same day, at the annual dinner of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on Friday opened a bazaar in aid of the Bermondsey Settlement.

The official celebration of her Majesty's birthday in London took place on Wednesday, May 20, with the "trooping of the colour" on the Horse Guards' Parade (in a heavy shower of rain), at which the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, and other distinguished persons were on the ground; there were dinners given by all the Ministers of State, and a Reception at the Foreign Office; there were inspections of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor, and of the troops at Aldershot and Woolwich. The Queen received a deputation of the Bishops, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with an address from the Upper House of Convocation.

The Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, on May 21 presided at the dinner of the South African Association, and expressed his desire to promote an entire reconciliation between the Dutch and English races in that region.

The Whitsuntide holidays were favoured with fine dry weather, though rather cloudy in London during the greater part of Monday. The numbers of railway passengers going out of London were not quite equal to those of last year, when the holidays came at the beginning of June, and the weather from Saturday morning to Monday at noon seemed more settled. But on the Great Eastern Railway there were 132,000 people in the three days going to places about Epping Forest and in Herts, or in Essex, within twenty miles of London, besides many to the east coast, Holland and Antwerp; 34,800 on the Great Western, 23,000 at the Euston and Willesden stations of the London and North-Western, 70,750 on the London and South-Western, larger numbers than before on the Midland and Great Northern, and many to Southend, as well as to Margate and Brighton, and elsewhere in Kent and in Sussex. Whit Monday brought 56,786 visitors to the Crystal Palace, 27,905 to the Zoological Gardens; 21,000 to Wembley Park, where the

first platform of the unfinished iron tower, recently opened, affords a view from a height of 400 ft. above the rising ground; and there were many people at Olympia, at the India and Ceylon Exhibition, at the Imperial Institute, at the Royal Aquarium, and at the public Museums and Galleries of Art.

The Great Wheel, lifting cars with people in them as it slowly revolves to heights whence they enjoy fine views over the south-western suburbs, at the India and Ceylon Exhibition, West Brompton, encountered on Thursday evening, May 21, an alarming mishap, putting more than seventy of the visitors to no slight inconvenience. It was a quarter before nine o'clock; there were some three hundred in the cars at different elevations, when the Great Wheel stopped from a dislocation of the bearings of a driving-engine. The people in the lower cars were soon enabled to descend; but those at higher altitudes could not be released until eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the next day. They sat up there all night in the cold without any shelter or extra clothing, but were supplied with food and cordial liquor by the courageous agility of several of the Wheel Company's men, who are old sailors of the Royal Navy, bravely climbing round the vast circumference of that

wheat-growing, compared with the wheat-growing area of the preceding year; and in the past twenty years the extent of loss in this way to the home growth of wheat has been 2,137,000 acres. Some deduction from the account for this year may, indeed, be allowed for the spring sowing of corn, and there is an addition of 145,000 acres to permanent pasture; but the money loss to farmers, and ultimately to landowners, must be very great.

At the twenty-eighth Congress of Co-operative Societies, opened at Woolwich on Monday, the Earl of Winchelsea, President, referring to the Agricultural Conference promoted by him in 1892, strenuously urged that the co-operative system of business should be fully applied to the growing, collecting, and distributing of British farm produce in connection with the facilities now promised by some of the great railway companies. There is much reason to expect that agricultural industry may benefit from that system more readily than any manufacturing industry has yet done. But co-operative production and sales on the whole have not proved a failure; there are 1711 societies now existing, with 1,414,158 members, an aggregate share capital of £16,164,667; sales for last year to the value of £52,502,126; and the year's profits, £5,397,582. This is a very large amount of home trade; and holding the principles, apart from every question of labourer and capitalist, that it is desirable that the actual producers of a commodity shall get the best share of its price, and shall deal most directly with the consumers, we must congratulate the supporters of the co-operative system.

The grand and imposing ceremonial of the imperial coronation at Moscow, which is separately described, has eclipsed all other foreign politics this week.

At Vienna, on May 22, the funeral of the late Archduke Karl Ludwig of Austria was performed in the Capuchin Church, attended by the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Archdukes of the imperial family.

A monumental statue of Prince Bismarck, as a young student, erected by members of German University Students' Corps, on a hill near Kösen, in Thuringia, a favourite yearly gathering-place of those young men in the Whitsuntide holidays, was unveiled on Sunday last.

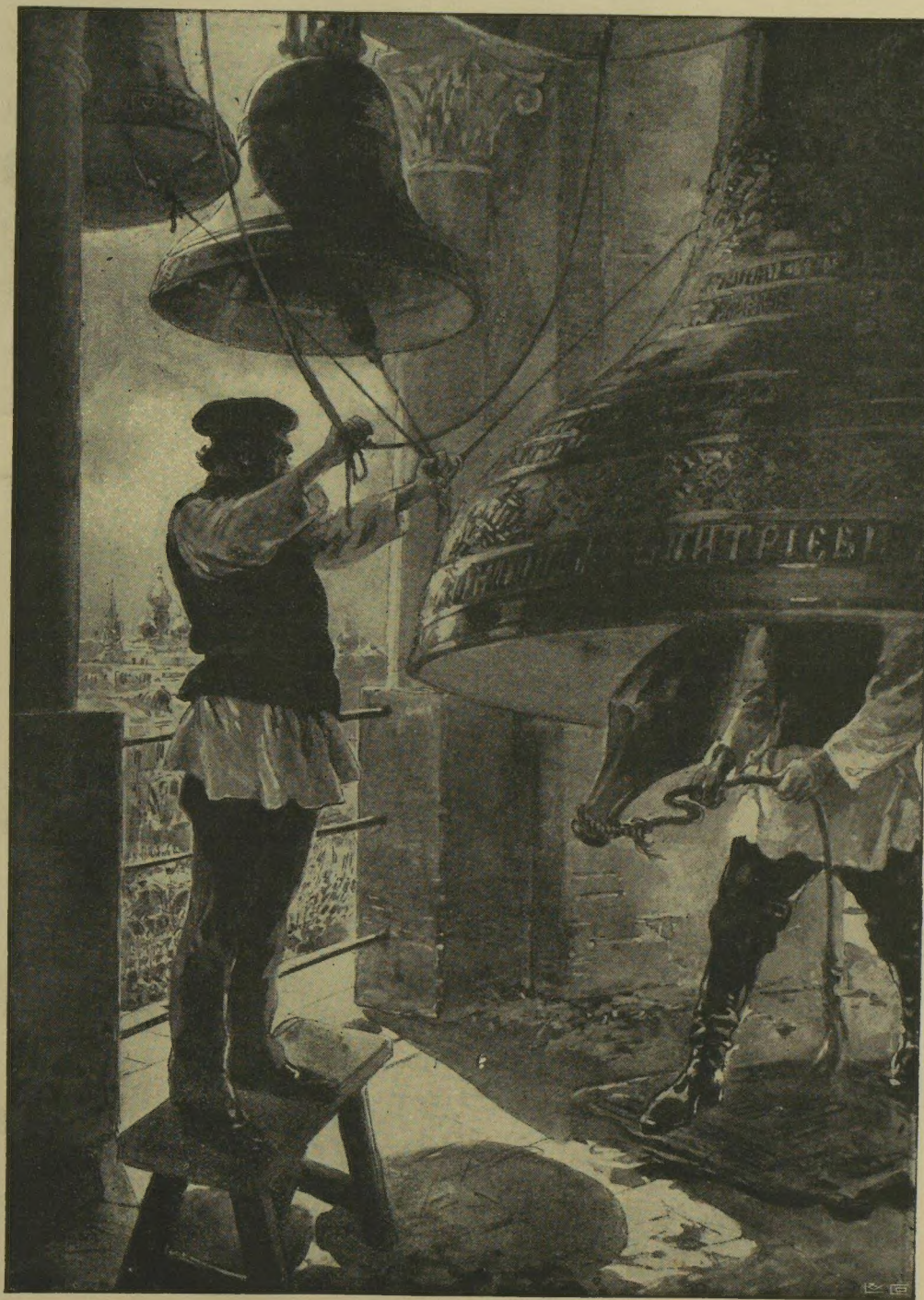
The President of the French Republic on Monday laid the foundation-stone of the new Hôtel de Ville at Tours, was entertained by the municipality and Chamber of Commerce, and greeted the aged military defender of Paris, General Trochu, who is still living at Tours. A miraculous apparition of the Virgin Mary, in the sky, beheld by some school-girls, at Tilly-sur-Seuilles, Calvados, has gratified religious sentiment.

Large portions of the Italian army recently engaged in the Abyssinian War have quitted East Africa on their return to Italy; the Italian garrison of Erythrea is being reduced to four battalions of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a company of engineers, with the colonial native troops.

A formidable insurrection against the Turkish Government has broken out in the island of Crete, at Canea and Retimo, and in the mountain district of Sphakia, where detachments of Turkish troops have been beaten. Abdullah Pasha, the Vali of Scutari in Albania, has been appointed by the Sultan to be Governor and military commander in Crete.

In the American States of Iowa and Michigan, on May 24, a violent storm, called a tornado, with sudden heavy rain and floods, destroyed bridges, greatly damaged some towns or villages, and caused the loss of more than a hundred lives.

The further mitigation of sentences upon the Johannesburg prisoners guilty of conspiring to overthrow the Government of the Transvaal Republic was announced on May 20, and was communicated by Sir Hercules Robinson to Mr. Chamberlain. The four gentlemen who were under capital sentence, as a matter of form, have it reduced, in the first instance, to fifteen years' imprisonment, which "is not likely to be carried out." Of the remaining sixty, there are eighteen to undergo five months' imprisonment, twenty-two have three months' imprisonment, and ten have been released. They pay fines of £1500 and upwards. Except in the case of the four leaders, the decree of expulsion and exclusion from the Transvaal will not be enforced if they promise not to repeat their offence. President Kruger, it is said, was very willing to substitute pecuniary fines in all the cases for the sentences passed according to law, but was opposed by General Joubert, the Vice-President, and other colleagues in the Executive Council of State. It may be questioned, after all, whether any other Head of a State would have shown a readier clemency. Large concessions to the interests of the Uitlanders have been granted in the reduction of Customs tariffs on goods imported, and of the railway freights.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: RINGING CHURCH BELLS AS THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION PASSED THROUGH THE STREETS OF MOSCOW.

Sketched by our Special Artist in Moscow.

monster machine; baskets were also sent up to the cars by the aid of strings or cords. The company or its servants, when this untoward accident happened, were active and attentive enough to relieve and to comfort the sufferers, and have promptly paid them compensation at the rate of £5 each. This may, perhaps, be accepted by most of those who endured nothing worse than their fright, if they were frightened, and their tedious, if not painful, detention while suspended aloft for so many hours in the nocturnal air; but if any person has been made seriously ill, or should hereafter find his or her health much impaired by such exposure, there might be a claim to some larger pecuniary consideration. The Great Wheel has since been restored to correct working order, and we believe that there is no fear of a similar mishap in future. In any case, there is no danger of ever falling off it, but merely of being kept up on it, which is not quite so bad.

The Royal Agricultural Society, on May 22, elected the Duke of York its President for the ensuing year, and received a satisfactory report of its membership and finances, and of the arrangements for its approaching meeting at Leicester. But we learn with deep regret, from the official returns issued last week by the Board of Agriculture, that in the last year, 1895, more than 510,000 acres of arable land in Great Britain ceased to be cultivated for



# THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

*Sketched by our Special Artist in Moscow.*



THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION CROSSING THE RED SQUARE.



## A GREAT CYCLE MANUFACTORY.

There are two truisms repeated almost daily, the one telling us that "the world is very small," the other remarking that "history repeats itself." And now, when the subject of cycling is talked about, and it is discussed during every moment of the day, two questions are asked almost as often—the first, "What are we coming to?" ; the second, "How will it all end?"

How will it all end, indeed! Well may we ask and wonder. In the whole history of manufacture there is not

cycle-making industry until he has visited one or other of the large manufactories that to-day flourish in the town of Coventry. Until the present writer had thoroughly inspected the vast works of Messrs. Singer and Company of that town, works which cover so great an area that a single room or shop occupies 41,000 square feet, he had not in the least grasped the true meaning of the phrase "enormous output." What is an "enormous output"? Does it mean that cycles are being weekly sold by the score?—by the hundred? No, it signifies that

machines are being turned out by this company and by other large firms at the rate of one every few minutes. Supposing, therefore, that in the whole of England cycles are being made at the rate of one every minute—a very low estimate when we consider the number of manufactories extant—and that the average working day is, let us say, six hours, and the average week five days, no less than 360 cycles are manufactured daily, 2160 weekly, 8640 monthly, or about 103,680 a year. Of course these figures show a total considerably below the number of machines actually produced; but this number is sufficiently large to give the general reader some idea of the

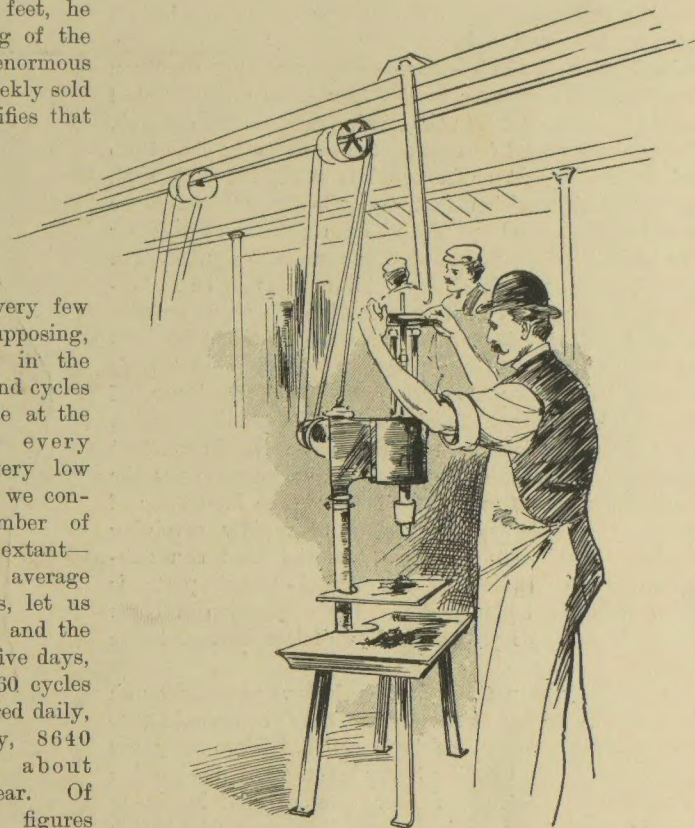
insignificant as to be hardly worthy of mention. After Mr. Singer had started his company he took into partnership his brother-in-law, Mr. J. C. Stringer, and it was under their joint leadership that the company marched steadily



NICKEL-PLATING.

upon record an instance of so sudden and great a "boom" as this spontaneous rush for "wheels." It is unprecedented. In town and country alike, in Great Britain and Ireland, in almost every civilised portion of Europe, in the United States, in the Sandwich Isles, in Japan, in India, in the Antipodes—in short, "in every corner of the globe," as an Irishman has said—the cry is for "bicycles!" everywhere for "bicycles! bicycles!" As the public buy newspapers at the bookstalls, so are they now purchasing wheels in Holborn Viaduct and elsewhere. The ordinary individual is unable to realise the enormous increase in the

annual output of bicycles in England alone. The works of the Singer Company are considered the finest in Coventry, and the way in which every member of the staff of some eight hundred employes seems to understand, to take pride in, and to execute the task daily allotted to him proves Mr. George Singer, the managing director and practically joint owner of the present company, to be an able organiser besides being a clever engineer. Indeed, it was Mr. George Singer himself who founded the original company some five-and-twenty years ago. At that time the cycle trade was a business so



MACHINE-ROOM.

forward as the machines were gradually improved and their fame began to spread over the world.

The first shop of interest to the visitor is the machine-shop, or rather department, for it consists of several rooms, each of which is well lighted, well ventilated, and contains machinery used for turning, drilling, profiling, and so forth. This machinery stands in double rows, some twenty feet apart, and if all the machinery were placed in a single row it would extend to nearly a mile. Then we see the tool-making shop, a room devoted solely to the construction of special sorts of tools employed in the manufacture of cycles. The steel-polishing shop is 174 feet long and 40 feet wide. Here we are shown what can be done in the way of polishing by means of spindles making several thousands of revolutions a minute. Then we come to the enormous shop already referred to. In



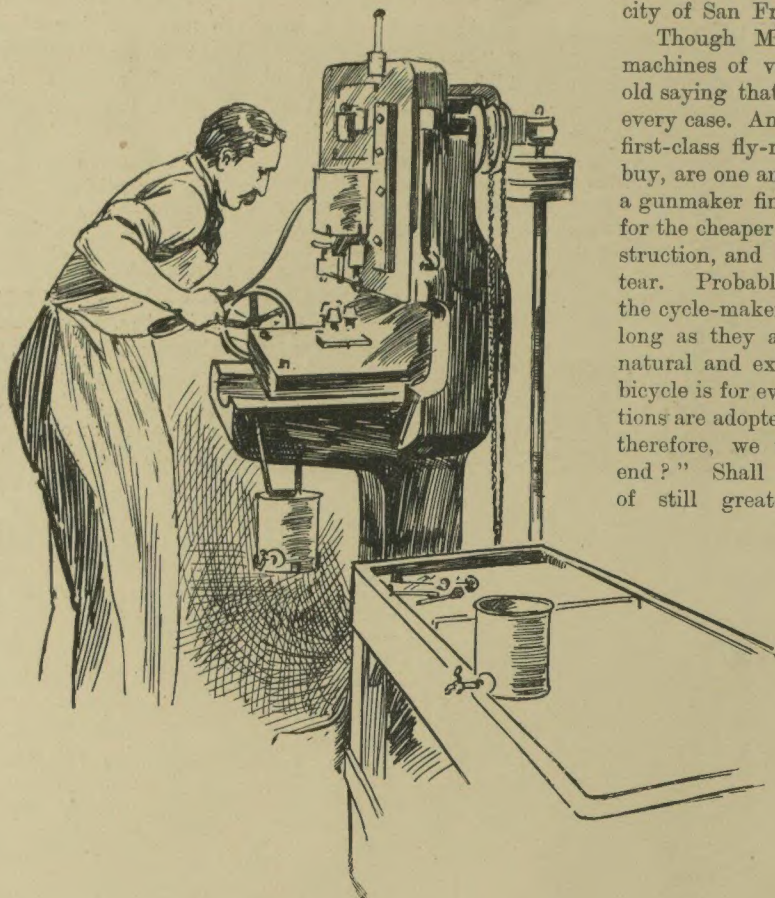
BRAZING, FITTING, AND FRAME-MAKING AT THE CYCLE WORKS OF SINGER AND CO., COVENTRY.



this department alone hundreds of men are at work upon frames, forks, handle-bars, and other tubular parts of the machines. This firm, it may here be mentioned, invented the now well-known diamond frame, and likewise introduced the "Singer" steering locks, the "Singer" ball-steering, and other useful improvements. In one department may be seen hubs in their rough, unturned state, and only when the hub is shown in its perfected condition does the casual observer realise how large an amount of metal has to be wasted in the turning process of every hub. The machinery used for cutting the teeth in the chain-hub and in the bracket chain wheel is regulated with such mathematical precision that every tooth is bound to be correctly shaped and equidistant from the one upon either side of it. In the nickel-plating room two dynamos are kept steadily at work all day. Every part to be nickel-plated is first plated with copper, which is then carefully polished. Upon this polished surface is deposited the coating of nickel-plate. Some persons give orders that their bicycles be nickel-plated all over. Such machines, of course, take longer to finish, and in the end they seldom give satisfaction, inasmuch as the plating needs constant attention and polishing, and on bright, sunny days the dazzling flash is apt to frighten horses. The final state of brilliancy is obtained by means of rapidly revolving brushes. The best polishing material that can subsequently be applied to the nickel-plated parts is elbow-grease, and plenty of it. The application of black enamel is a simple process, and so of less interest to the visitor.

When all the parts of the bicycle have passed through their various stages of manufacture, they are brought into the assembling-room, as it is called. Here they are systematically put together bit by bit, the machine passing in course of construction from one pair of hands to another, until it has gradually travelled the entire length of the shop. Then it travels back again through fresh pairs of hands in like manner. This shop is 180 feet long, and the bicycle takes about two days to complete its journey up and down. Every cycle has a registered number stamped upon it, and particulars about any individual machine can therefore be supplied at short notice. Owing to the enormous and daily increasing rush for safety bicycles, Messrs. Singer and Co. now no longer export machines across the Atlantic. Though the demand is three times in excess of the supply, every part of every machine is made with the utmost care. Even the smallest

screw is made of finely-tempered steel, and no faulty pin or screw or other part, no matter how insignificant it may appear to the ordinary purchaser of a cycle, is allowed to pass. The company seem ever to bear in mind that a



PROFILING.

bicycle is not a toy, but a machine that has to carry a living human being. They do not approve of wooden rims for general use, though not strongly opposed to them if the machine is not likely to be often ridden far, nor expected to withstand any sort of strain. It is almost needless to add that the Singer

Company do not supply wooden rims. In San Francisco, and in many of the Western States of America, also in Chicago, and in some of the Eastern States, the wooden rim is largely in vogue; but in such localities the roads are for the most part very smooth and very level, the city of San Francisco of course excepted.

Though Messrs. Singer and Company manufacture machines of various grades, they firmly believe in the old saying that the best is the cheapest. And so it is in every case. An expensive pair of guns, expensive saddlery, first-class fly-rods, the best cricket-bat that money can buy, are one and all the cheapest in the long run. Many a gunmaker finds it more profitable to build cheap guns, for the cheaper article needs considerably less care in construction, and is not made to withstand heavy wear and tear. Probably the same rule applies to bicycles, but the cycle-maker is bound to supply first-class machines, so long as they are in demand, and in so doing he takes natural and excusable pride. Furthermore, the modern bicycle is for ever being altered, though no radical alterations are adopted until shown to be improvements. Again, therefore, we may ask the question: "How will it all end?" Shall we, in time, have machines and tyres of still greater perfection, or has perfection been reached?

We thought that we had reached it when the cushion tyre was introduced. Yet we are still advancing. The safety bicycle may some day give way to the steam, the electric, or the motor cycle, but when that day comes the chief benefit of the wheel will be lost—the benefit that we derive from the exercise. For the present, however, the safety holds sway. For many a month to come, probably for many years to come, the improved safety with its pneumatic tyres will be in demand. When that demand will cease, and why it will cease, remains to be known. Meanwhile, let those of us

that have not yet done so adopt the new motion, as it is called; while anyone really interested in the cycle and its manufacture would do well to visit the works above briefly described, recently purchased by the influential syndicate which so successfully reconstructed the great five million "Dunlop" Company.



DRILLING AND MILLING AT THE CYCLE WORKS OF SINGER AND CO., COVENTRY.





ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## XIII.

## THE PEOPLE ON THE "MONTEREY."

The vessel which had last appeared upon the scene, and which was now steaming down toward the *Dunkery Beacon* and the *Summer Shelter*, while the small steamer from the Mediterranean was making her way northward to meet her, was the *Monterey*, of Vera Cruz, and carried Captain Philip Horn and his wife, Edna.

As soon as Captain Horn had heard of the danger which threatened the treasure which was on its way from London to the Peruvian Government—treasure which had cost him such toil, anxiety, and suffering, and in the final just disposition of which he felt the deepest interest and even responsibility, although, in fact, the care and charge of which had passed entirely out of his hands—he determined not only to write to Shirley to go to Jamaica, but to go there himself without loss of time, believing from what he had heard that he could surely reach Kingston before the arrival there of the *Dunkery Beacon*.

But that steamer started before her time, and when he reached Vera Cruz he found it impossible to leave immediately for his destination. And when at last he bought a steamer, and arrived at Kingston, the *Dunkery Beacon* and the yacht *Summer Shelter* had both departed. But the Captain found the letter from Mrs. Cliff, and while this explained a great deal, it also puzzled him greatly.

His wife and Mrs. Cliff had corresponded with some regularity, but the latter had never mentioned the fact that she was the owner of a yacht. Mrs. Cliff had intended to tell Edna all about this new piece of property; but when she looked at the matter from an outside point of view, it seemed to her such a ridiculous thing that she should own a yacht that she did not want to write anything about it until her plans were perfected, and she could tell just what she was going to do. But when she suddenly decided to sail for Jamaica, her mind was so occupied with the plans of the moment that she had no time to write.

Therefore it was that Captain and Mrs. Horn wondered greatly what in the name of common-sense Mrs. Cliff was doing with a yacht. But they knew that Shirley and Burke were on board, and that they had sailed on the track of the *Dunkery Beacon*, hoping to overtake her and deliver the message which Shirley carried. The Captain decided that it was his duty to follow these two vessels down the coast of South America.

The *Monterey* was a large steamer, sailing in ballast, and of moderate speed, and the Captain had with him, besides his wife and her maid, the three negro men whom he had brought up from South America, and who were now his devoted personal attendants, and a good-sized crew. Captain Horn had little hope of overhauling the two steamers, for even the yacht, which he had heard was a fast sailing vessel, had had twenty-four hours' start of him, but he had reason to hope that he might meet one or both of them on their return—for if the yacht should fail to overhaul the *Dunkery Beacon* she would certainly turn back to Kingston.

Edna was as enthusiastic and interested in this voyage as her husband. She sympathised in all his anxiety in regard to the safety of the treasure, but even stronger than this was her desire to see once more her dear friend, whom she had come to look upon almost as an elder sister.

During each day the Captain and his wife were almost constantly on deck, their glasses sweeping the south-eastern horizon, hoping for the sight of two steamers coming back to Kingston. They saw vessels coming and going, but they were not the craft they looked for, and after they had left the Caribbean Sea, the sails became fewer and fewer. On the second day after they left Tobago Island, they fell in with a small steamer apparently in distress, for she was working her way under sail and against head-winds toward the coast.

When the Captain spoke this steamer he received a request to lower a boat and go on board of her. There he found an astonishing state of affairs. The steamer was from a French port, she carried no cargo, and she was commanded and manned by Captain Hagar and the crew of the English ship *Dunkery Beacon*. Captain Hagar's story was not a long one, and he told it as readily to



Half-a-dozen men were on his deck, and half-a-dozen pistols were pointed at the heads of himself and those around him.



Captain Horn as he would to any other friendly mariner who might have boarded him.

He had left Kingston with his vessel, as he left it many times before, and the Carribbees were not half a day behind him when he was hailed by a steamer—the one he was now on—which had been following him for some time. He was told that this steamer carried a message from his owners, and without suspecting anything, he lay to and a boat came to him from the other ship. This boat had in it a good many more men than was necessary, but he suspected no evil until half-a-dozen men were on his deck, and half-a-dozen pistols were pointed at the heads of himself and those around him. Then two more boats came over, more men boarded him, and without a struggle or hardly a cross word—as he expressed it—the *Dunkery Beacon* was in the hands of sea-robbers.

Captain Hagar was a mild-mannered man and excellent seaman, and of good common-sense. He had before found orders waiting for him at Jamaica, and had not thought it surprising that orders should now have been sent after him. He had firearms on board, and might have defended himself to a certain extent; but he had suspected no evil, and when the pirates had boarded him it was useless to think of arms or defence.

The men who had captured the *Dunkery Beacon* made very short work of their business. They simply exchanged vessels. They commanded Captain Hagar and all his men to go over to the French steamer, while they all came on board the *Dunkery Beacon*, bringing with them whatever they cared for. Captain Hagar was told that he could work his new vessel to any port in the world which suited him best, and then the *Dunkery Beacon* was headed southward and steamed away.

When Captain Hagar's engineers attempted to start the engines of their vessel, they found it impossible to do so. Several important pieces of the machinery had been taken out, hoisted on deck, and dropped overboard. Whatever port they might make, they must make it under sails.

A broken-hearted and dejected man was Captain Hagar. He had lost a vast treasure which had been entrusted to him, and he had not ceased to wonder why the pirates had not murdered him and all his crew, and thrown them overboard. He hoped that in time he and his men might reach Georgetown or some other port; but it would be slow and disheartening work with such a vessel under sail.

Captain Horn was also greatly cast down by the news he had received. With the least possible amount of trouble, the pirates had carried off not only the treasure, but the ship which conveyed it, and now in all probability were far away with their booty. He could understand very well why they would not undertake such wholesale crime as the murder of all the people on the *Dunkery*, for it is probable that there were men among them who could not be trusted, even had the leaders been willing to undertake such useless bloodshed. If Captain Hagar and his men were set adrift on a steamer without machinery, it would be long before they could reach any port, and even if they should speak a vessel and report their misfortune, where was the policeman of the sea who would have authority to sail after the stolen vessel, or, if he had, would know on what course to follow her?

Captain Horn gave up the treasure as lost. The *Dunkery Beacon* was probably shaping her course for the coast of Africa, and even if he had a swifter vessel and could overhaul her, what could he do?

But now he almost forgot his trouble about the treasure in his deep concern in the fate of Mrs. Cliff and her yacht. He had made up his mind that his friends on board that little vessel—he had very shadowy ideas as to what sort of a yacht it was—had embarked upon this cruise entirely for his sake. They knew that he took such a deep personal interest in the safety of the *Dunkery Beacon*; they knew that he had done everything possible to detain that vessel at Jamaica, and that now, for his peace of mind, for the gratification of his feelings of honour—no matter how exaggerated they might consider them—they were following in a little pleasure-craft a steamer which they supposed to be a peaceful merchantman, but which was, in fact, a pirate-ship, manned by miscreants without conscience.

His plan was soon decided upon. He told Captain Hagar that he would take him and his men on his own vessel, and that he would carry them with him on his search for the yacht on which his friends had sailed. Captain Hagar agreed in part to this proposition. He would be glad to go with Captain Horn, for it was possible he might hear news of his lost vessel, but he did not wish to give up the French steamer. She was worth money, and if she could be got into port, he felt it his duty to get her there. So he left on board a crew sufficient to work her to Georgetown, but with the majority of his crew came on board the *Monterey*, and Captain Horn continued on his southern course.

When on the following morning Captain Horn perceived far away to the south a steamer which Captain Hagar, standing by with a glass to his eye, declared to be none other than his old vessel, the *Dunkery Beacon*, and when, not long afterwards, he made out a smaller vessel, apparently keeping company with the *Dunkery Beacon*, with another steamer lying off to the eastward, he was absolutely amazed and confounded. He could not comprehend the state of affairs. What was the *Dunkery Beacon* doing down

south, when by this time she ought to be far away to the east if she were running away with the treasure, and what were those two other vessels keeping so close to her?

He could not imagine what they could be, unless, indeed, they were her pirate consorts. "If that's the case," thought Captain Horn, but saying no word to anyone, "this is not a part of the sea for my wife to sail upon!"

Still, he knew nothing, and he could decide upon nothing. He could not be sure that one of those vessels was not the yacht which had sailed from Kingston with Mrs. Cliff and Burke and Shirley on board; and so the *Monterey* did not turn back, but steamed on slowly toward the distant steamers.

#### XIV.

##### THE "VITTORIO," FROM GENOA.

When Captain Horn, on the *Monterey*, perceived that one of the vessels he had sighted was steaming northward with the apparent intention of meeting him, his anxieties greatly increased. He could think of no righteous reason why that vessel should come to meet him. He had made out that this vessel with the two others had been lying-to. Why should it not wait for him if it wished to speak with him? The course of this stranger looked like mischief of some sort, and the Captain could think of no other probable mischief than that which had been practised upon the *Dunkery Beacon*.

The steamer which he now commanded carried a treasure far more valuable than that which lay in the hold of the *Dunkery*, and if she had been a swifter vessel he would have turned and headed away for safety at the top of her speed. But he did not believe she could outsail the steamer which was now approaching; so safety by flight was not to be considered.

There was another reason which determined him not to change his course. The observers on the *Monterey* had now decided that the small vessel to the westward of the *Dunkery Beacon* was very like a yacht, and the Captain thought that if there was to be trouble of any sort, he would like to be as near Shirley and Burke as possible. Why that rapidly approaching steamer should desire to board him, as the *Dunkery Beacon* had been boarded, he could not imagine, unless it was supposed that he carried part of the treasure; but he did not waste any time on conjectures. It was not likely that this steamer carried a cannon, and if she intended to attack the *Monterey* it must be by boarding her: probably by the same stratagem which had been practised before.

But Captain Horn determined that no man upon any mission whatever should put his foot upon the deck of the *Monterey* if he could prevent it. Since he had taken on board Captain Hagar and his men he had an extraordinarily large crew, and on the number of his men he depended for defence, for it was impossible to arm them as well as the attacking party would probably be armed, if they should be an attacking party.

Captain Horn now went to Edna, and told her of the approaching danger, and for the second time in his life he gave her a pistol and requested her to use it in any way she thought proper, if the need should come. He asked her to stay for the present in the cabin with her maid, promising to come to her again very shortly.

Then he called all the available men together and addressed them very briefly. It was not necessary to tell the crew of the *Dunkery Beacon* what dangers might befall them if the pirates should come upon them a second time, and the men he had brought with him from Vera Cruz now knew all about the previous affair, and that it would probably be necessary for them to stand up boldly for their own defence.

The Captain told his men that the only thing to be done was to keep the fellows from that approaching steamer from boarding the *Monterey*, whether they tried to do so by what might look like fair means or by foul means. All the firearms of every kind which could be collected were distributed around among those whom it was thought could best use them, while the rest of the men were armed with belaying-pins, handspikes, hatchets, axes, or anything with which a blow could be struck, and they were ranged along the bulwarks on each side of the ship from bow to stern.

The other steamer was now near enough for her name, *Vittorio*, to be read upon her bow. This and her build made the Captain quite sure that she was from the Mediterranean, and, without doubt, one of the pirates of whom he had heard. He could see heads all along her rail, and he thought it possible that she might not care to practise any trick upon him, but might intend a bold and undisguised attack. She made no signal, she carried no colours or flag of any kind, and he thought it not unlikely that when she should be near enough she would begin operations by a volley of rifle-shots from her deck. To provide against this danger he made most of his men crouch down behind the bulwarks, and ordered all the others to be ready to screen themselves. A demand to lie-to and a sharp fusillade might be enough to insure the immediate submission of an ordinary merchantman, but Captain Horn did not consider the *Monterey* a vessel of this sort.

He now ran down to Edna, and was met by her at the cabin door. She had had ideas very like his own. "I

shouldn't wonder if they would fire upon us," she said, her face very pale; "and I want you to remember that you are most likely the tallest man on board. No matter what happens you must take care of yourself—you must never forget that!"

"I will take care of you," he said, with his arms about her, "and I will not forget myself. And now keep close and watch sharply. I don't believe they can ever board us, we're too many for them!"

The instant the Captain had gone Edna called Maka and Cheditafa, the two elderly negroes who were the devoted adherents of herself and her husband. "I want you to watch the Captain all the time," she said; "if the people on that ship fire guns, you pull him back if he shows himself. If anyone comes near him to harm him, use your hatchets; never let him out of your sight, follow him close, keep all danger from him."

The negroes answered in the African tongue; they were too much excited to use English, but she knew what they meant and trusted them. To Mok, the other negro, she gave no orders. Even now he could speak but little English, and he was in the party simply because her brother Ralph—whose servant Mok had been—had earnestly desired her to take care of him until he should want him again, for this coal-black and agile native of Africa was not a creature who could be left to take care of himself.

The *Vittorio*, which was now not more than a quarter of a mile away, and which had slightly changed her course, so that she was apparently intending to pass the *Monterey* and continue northward contented with an observation of the larger vessel, was a very dangerous pirate-ship, far more so than the one which had captured the *Dunkery Beacon*. She was not more dangerous because she was larger or swifter, or carried a more numerous or better armed crew, but for the reason that she had on board a certain Mr. Banker, who had once belonged to a famous band of desperadoes, called the Rackbirds, well known along the Pacific coast of South America. He had escaped destruction when the rest of his band were drowned in a raging torrent, and he had made himself extremely obnoxious and even dangerous to Mrs. Horn and to Captain Horn when they were in Paris at a very critical time of their fortunes.

This ex-Rackbird, Banker, had had a very cloudy understanding of the state of affairs when he was endeavouring to blackmail Mrs. Horn, and making stupid charges against her husband. He knew that the three negroes he had met in Paris in the service of Mrs. Horn had once been his own slaves, held not by any right of law, but by brutal force, and he knew that the people with whom they were then travelling must have been in some way connected with his old comrades, the Rackbirds. He had made bold attempts to turn this scanty knowledge to his own benefit, but had mournfully failed.

In the course of time, however, he had come to know everything. The news of Captain Horn's great discovery of treasure on the coast of Peru had gone forth to the public, and Banker's soul had writhed in disappointed rage as he thought that he and his fellows had lived and rioted like fools for months and months and months but a short distance from all these vast hoards of gold. This knowledge almost maddened him as he brooded over it by night and by day. When he had been set free from the French prison to which his knavery had consigned him, Banker gave himself up body and soul to the consideration of the treasure which Captain Horn had brought to France from Peru. He considered it from every possible point of view, and when at last he heard of the final disposition which it had been determined to make for the gold, he considered it from the point of his own cupidity and innate rascality.

He it was who devised the plan of sending out a swift steamer to overhaul the merchantman which was to carry the gold to Peru, and who, after consultation with the many miscreants whom he was obliged to take into his confidence and to depend upon for assistance, decided that it would be well to fit out two ships, so that, if one should fail in her errand, the other might succeed. The steamers from Genoa and Toulon were fitted out and manned under the direction of Banker, but with the one which sailed from Marseilles he had nothing to do. This expedition was organised by men who had quarrelled with him and his associates, and it was through the dissension of the opposing parties in this intended piracy that the detectives came to know of it.

Banker had sailed from Genoa, but the Toulon vessel had got ahead of him. It had sighted the *Dunkery Beacon* before she reached Kingston; it had cruised in the Carribbean Sea until she came sailing down toward Tobago Island; it had followed her out into the Atlantic, and when the proper time came it had taken her—hull, engine, gold, and everything which belonged to her, except her captain and her crew, and had steamed away with her.

Banker did not command the *Vittorio*, for he was not a seaman, but he commanded her captain, and through him everybody on board. He directed her course and her policy. He was her leading spirit and her blackest devil.

It had been no part of Banker's intention to cruise about the South Atlantic and search for a steamer with black and white stripes running up and down her funnel. His plan of action was to be the same as that of the other



pirate, and the *Vittorio* therefore steamed for Kingston as soon as she could manage to clear from Genoa. His calculations were very good ones, but there was a flaw in them; for he did not know that the *Dunkery Beacon* sailed three days before her regular time. Consequently, the *Vittorio* was the last of the four steamers which reached Jamaica on business connected with the Incas' treasure.

The *Vittorio* did not go into Kingston harbour, but Banker got himself put on shore and visited the town. There he not only discovered that the *Dunkery Beacon* had sailed; that an American yacht had sailed after her, but that a steamer from Vera Cruz, commanded by Captain Horn, now well known as the discoverer of the wonderful treasure, had touched there expecting to find the *Dunkery Beacon* in port, and had then, scarcely twelve hours before, cleared for Jamaica.

The American yacht was a mystery to Banker. It might be a pirate from the United States for all he knew; but he was very certain that Captain Horn had not left Kingston for any reason except to accompany and protect the *Dunkery Beacon*. If a steamer commanded by this man, whom Banker now hated more than he hated anybody else in the world, should fall in and keep company

business. If he were not content with the gold which he had for himself, he should curse the day that he had tried to keep other people from getting the gold that they wanted for themselves. No matter what had to be done, he must never reach the *Dunkery Beacon*—he must never know what had happened to her. Here was a piece of work for the *Vittorio* to attend to without the loss of a minute.

When Banker gave orders to head for the approaching steamer, he immediately began to make ready for an attack upon her, and, as this was to be a battle between merchant-ships, neither of them provided with any of the ordinary engines of naval warfare, his plan was of a straightforward, old-fashioned kind. He would run his ship alongside the other; he would make fast, and then his men, each one with a cutlass and a pistol, should swarm over the side of the larger vessel and cut down and fire until the beastly hounds were all dead or on their knees. If he caught sight of Captain Horn—and he was sure he would recognise him, for such a fellow would be sure to push himself forward no matter what was going on—he would take his business into his own hands. He would give no signal, no warning. If they wanted to know what he came for they would soon find out.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At the meeting of the Catholic Truth Society at Blackpool there was a discussion on the attitude of Catholics towards the Established Church and Nonconformity. Father Coupe, by whom the subject was opened, said that the High Church party in the Church of England were almost in touch with the Church Catholic—as like the Church Catholic as the shadow was like the substance. On the other hand, there was the Low Church party, who were practically in touch with Dissent; but as to the vast intermediate body which made up the bulk of the Church people, he ventured to say that no living man would define what their shifting views and opinions were. But this view might fairly be hazarded, that with Church people on the whole Catholics have more in common than with Dissenters on the whole. Conversions from Dissent were few, while conversions from Anglicanism were many. The Rev. W. Binns, Unitarian minister of Blackpool, for whom a patient hearing was bespoken, dealt with the question of the right of private judgment and other matters on which Roman Catholics and Nonconformists differed. He said that while so differing, there was much in the history of the Roman Catholic Church that he admired. A lively discussion followed.

The Rev. W. H. M. H. Aitken has been welcomed on his return from Canada and the United States. Mr. Aitken



BRITOMART.—WALTER CRANE.

From the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Bold Marinell of Britomart  
Is thrown on the rich strand:  
Faerie Florimell of Arthur is  
Long followed, but not fond.—SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE," Book III., Canto iv.

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with the steamer which was conveying the treasure to Peru, it might be a very hard piece of work for him or his partner in command of the vessel from Toulon to get possession of that treasure, no matter what means they might employ; but all Banker could do was to swear at his arch enemy and his bad luck, and to get away south with all speed possible. If he could do nothing he might hear of something. He would never give up until he was positive there was no chance for him.

So he took the course that the *Dunkery Beacon* must have taken, and sailed down the coast under full head of steam. When at last he had discovered the flag of his pirate consort hoisted over the steamer which carried the golden prize, and he had gone on board the *Dunkery Beacon* and had heard everything, his satanic delight blazed high and wild. He cared nothing for the yacht which hung upon the heels of the captured steamer—it would not be difficult to dispose of that vessel—but his turbulent ecstasies were a little dampened by the discovery of a large steamer bearing down from the north. This he instantly suspected to be the *Monterey*, which must have taken a more westerly course than that which he had followed, and which he had therefore passed without sighting.

The ex-Rackbird did not hesitate a moment as to what ought to be done. That everlastingly condemned meddler, Horn, must never be allowed to put his oar into this

Before he left Genoa he had thought that it was possible that he might make this sort of an attack upon the *Dunkery Beacon*, and he had therefore provided for it. He had shipped a number of grappling-irons with long chains attached, which were run through ring bolts on his deck. With these and other appliances for making fast to a vessel alongside, Banker was sure he could stick to an enemy or a prize as long as he wanted to lie by her.

Everything was now made ready for the proposed attack, and all along the starboard side of the *Vittorio* mattresses were hung in order to break the force of the shock when the two vessels should come together. Every man who could be spared was ordered on deck and fully armed. The men who were to make fast to the other steamer were posted in their proper places, and the rest of his miscreants were given the very simple orders to get on board the *Monterey* the best way they could and as soon as they could, and to cut down or shoot every man they met without asking questions or saying a word. Whether or not it would be necessary to dispose of all the crew which Captain Horn might have on board, Banker had not determined. But of one thing he was certain—he would leave no one on board of her to work her to the nearest port and give news of what had happened. One mistake of that kind was enough to make, and his stupid partner, who had commanded the vessel from Toulon, had made it.

(To be continued.)

said that in those countries mission work was more difficult to do than here. Nonconformists' prejudices were strong, stronger, he believed, than at home.

Her Majesty the Queen has arranged that at State functions the Moderator of the General Assembly in the Church of Scotland shall be treated as a Bishop.

The High Church party have apparently given over the attempt to show that Matthew xix. 3-9 does not allow remarriage after divorce in one special case. They suggest that it will be shown by criticism by and by that the verse specially in question is no part of the original Greek text. Long ago Mr. Gladstone in the *Quarterly Review* made a gallant attempt to show that, accepting the verse as genuine, it did not prove that remarriage was ever permissible.

The Bishop of Lincoln's sermons the other Sunday in London were extremely simple, homely, and colloquial. In his old days at Oxford Bishop King sometimes preached before the University sermons that in point of depth and beauty might rank with the very finest, and it is much to be desired that some of these should be collected and published in a permanent form.

There is a considerable movement among Churchmen against Clause 27 of the Education Bill. One clergyman says, "Granted that we get the Church Catechism taught in some Board schools, where teachers of it can be found, who supposes that this will survive a change of Government? And for it we shall have lost irrevocably the Church character of our schools—possibly the schools themselves."



## LITERATURE.

A novelist makes for his objective in the oblique manner in which a wolf—according to Darwin—makes for his prey, sometimes to the impatient reader's irritation. The reader cannot see why he should be led miles round, when a short cut of a yard or two lies under his eye. In Mr. Gilbert Parker's vigorously written historical novel for instance, *The Seats of the Mighty* (Methuen and Co.), much of the reader's interest in a stirring story is marred by the sense that the subtle villain might at any moment have cut the Gordian knot in either of two obvious ways. The hero has in his possession letters that would compromise with Louis a rival of La Pompadour, and for these letters the villain—an illegitimate son of Louis—would pay any price of blood or money; yet he has nothing to do but lay his hands upon them while the hero lies rotting for a year in a rayless dungeon, or after he is taken from it to be shot as a spy. For some inscrutable reason, however, he not only makes no attempt to seize on the papers while the hero lies in this hole at his mercy, but he absolutely intervenes to save his life when he is about to be shot—and justly shot, *pace* Mr. Parker—as a spy. Though the story goes on the old lines of a lover who wins in captivity the heart of his enemy's daughter, and fights a desperate duel with her brother, yet it is told with so much power and spirit and in such racy English that the interest never flags. On the same principle on which a manager introduces a real horse and hansom upon the stage, to flavour the piece with actuality, Mr. Parker reproduces as illustrations old prints and plans and "an authentic map of Wolfe's operations against Quebec, to strengthen the verisimilitude of a piece of fiction."

It is forty years ago since Motley published his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, of which Messrs. Bell now issue a new edition, enriched with a "biographical introduction" by Dr. Moncure Conway. Brief as this is, it tells us, in the absence of any full biography—for Dr. Wendell Holmes's memoir was only an outline—what it suffices to know of the greatest historian that America has yet produced. Born in 1814, Motley died in 1877. Throughout life the lines "had fallen" to him "in pleasant places"; moderate means giving him the advantages of education abroad and of travel in many lands. Like Gibbon, drawn to historical study, he cast about for an unhackneyed and worthy subject until he felt himself, he scarce know how, attracted by the splendid story of that great fight for political and religious freedom of which the Netherlands was the arena in the latter half of the fifteenth century. Ten years were spent in ransacking archives and putting materials together, the result being a moving picture in which Motley's creative imagination was subordinated by, but infused into, the narrative of the revolt of the "Beggars of the Sea" against the infamous tyranny of the ferocious and icy-hearted Philip. Translated into many languages, the book leapt at a bound into what would be accorded the first rank among historical works, but for the reservation that Thucydides and Gibbon have not, probably never will have, their peer. In his slight memoir Dr. Conway has had the advantage of information given him by two of Motley's daughters, Lady Vernon Harcourt and Mrs. Sheridan, which adds materially to our knowledge of the man.

In *Bernicia* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) that clever and fertile lady-novelist, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, tells a story of purely English life. London is the scene; the time that of George II. and of the Pelham Administration. *Bernicia*, the heroine, somewhat resembles, but with more heart, the *Trix* of Thackeray's "Esmond." She and her sister, Lady Pomfret, the wife of a good-natured courtier, belong to a Jacobite family, and their brother Harry, whose ancestral estates have been forfeited, is an exile in France. *Bernicia* lives with her sister, and enters into all the dissipation of the world of fashion. A contrast to the gay mansion in Piccadilly is that in Bloomsbury of her grandmother (on the mother's side), a sternly Protestant and Hanoverian lady, who lives with her son, Mr. Abney, rich and austere, while his son George, though serious, is a fine young fellow. It looks as if Mrs. Barr at first intended to make the lively *Bernicia* marry the serious George Abney, whose head she has turned; but in the end she throws him over, and finds a more suitable husband in Lord Rayleigh, a gallant and dashing young nobleman who has been the means of restoring her brother to his estates. In the West-End scenes Lord Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, with other celebrities, are introduced. One peculiarity of the novel is the prominence given in it to Whitfield. The reader is even allowed to listen to the preaching and praying of the great Methodist orator, who is represented as impressing alike the world of Piccadilly and the world of Bloomsbury, where fashion and frivolity are tabooed. But Mrs. Barr goes rather far when she describes George II. as moved by Whitfield's preaching, and even admitting him to the Royal Closet. An interesting story, well-drawn characters, lively sketches of Georgian society, and purity of tone commend "*Bernicia*" to the family circle as an at once entertaining and innocent novel.

The widespread interest excited by the late Dr. Pearson's remarkable "National Life and Character," dealing, as that work did, with the momentous problem of the future of the white and yellow races, will insure added welcome to the volume of *Reviews and Critical Essays*

which Messrs. Methuen have just issued. It is prefaced by Dr. Strong's brief but sufficient memoir of the career of a man whose varied gifts and wide culture were rendered of greater service to his kind by their application to practical life. Dr. Pearson was qualified for higher posts in the administration of the Empire than those which he filled, but he left his mark on the educational system of Victoria before his return home, unhappily to die prematurely. The essays here ingathered travel over a wide range of subjects, from the method of teaching history to discussions on optimism and pessimism, and crisply written monographs on men of such varied type as Sheridan, Bismarck, and Emerson. Of the last-named Dr. Pearson finely says, "He was rather a hint than impulse to his generation." The contents are mainly reprints of contributions to the excellent *Melbourne Age*, but some of these should have given place to the author's striking "Answer to Critics," which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of August 1893.

Lady Ferguson in her biography of her husband (two volumes; Blackwood) has given us a more adequate idea of the man than of the poet. Such poor stuff as "Dublin," "At the Polo Ground," "The Curse of the Joyces," etc., ought to have been let die with the occasions that called them forth, since they impair Sir Samuel's title to being—what in many respects he certainly was—the finest poet Ireland has yet produced. On the other hand, we are grateful for "The Loyal Orangeman" as an admirable specimen of the poet's humour, and for the "New Year's Epistle to



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

## WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. III.—MR. GILBERT PARKER.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, whose new romance of Canadian history, "*The Seats of the Mighty*," is reviewed in these columns, was born thirty-five years ago in Canada, where his father, a retired Artillery officer, had settled some time before. He grew up in the Dominion, and for a time held a Lectureship at Trinity College, Toronto; but ill-health made him travel to Australia, where he took to journalism. In 1890 he came to England, and has since won a prominent place among present-day writers of romantic fiction by his short stories of "Pierre and His People" and "An Adventurer of the North," and by his longer romances of Canadian life, "Mrs. Falchion," "The Translation of a Savage," "The Trail of the Sword," and "When Valmond Came to Pontiac." He is also the author of a volume of sonnets entitled "A Lover's Diary."

Dr. Gordon" as a vigorous expression of his patriotism. Such verses as these might have been printed as an apt motto on the title-page of a "Life" which testifies in every page to the poet's devotion to his country—

Lord, for ae day o' service done her!  
Lord, for aune hour's sunlight upon her!  
Here, Fortune, tak' world's wealth and honour,  
I'm no' your debtor,  
Let me but rive ae link asunder  
O' Erin's fetter!

Let me but help to shape the sentence  
That puts the pith o' independence,  
O' self-respect in self-acquaintance,  
And manly pride  
Intil auld Eber-Scot's descendants—  
Tak' a' beside.

As for the "Life" itself, we have but one fault to find—that the letters seem to have been edited as the Sibyl's leaves were edited, by a gust of wind. They carry you back and forward, swift and sudden as a shuttle, from youth to age, from age to youth, and recall the poet to life many times after you had taken a last leave—

Which never was the last,  
Farewell, like endless welcome, lives and dies.

"Social prominence," according to M. Paul Bourget in *Outre Mer*, is the aim of the American girl, however different the ways in which she seeks to achieve it.

Coquetry and philanthropy are the means chosen by the heartless heroine of Mr. Harold Frederic's new American novel, *Marsena* (T. Fisher Unwin). Miss Julia Parmalee is at once the belle and the organiser of charity bazaars and ladies' aid societies in the commonplace American village of a Northern State. She fastens on and fascinates the only youth in the village who wears a uniform, a young Lieutenant of artillery; and when he fancies himself engaged to her, she persuades him against his will to go off and fight for the North when the War of Secession breaks out. The next victim of her charms and her coquetry is the hero of the fiction, Marsena Pulford—lonely, struggling, down-pressed, and taciturn—who had hoped to become an artist, but failed, and has subsided into the village photographer. Nobody could ever get more than a word out of him or establish companionship with him. To exhibit as her slave this queer specimen of humanity—whom, however, Mr. Frederic invests with a certain pathetic interest and even dignity—gratifies Julia's vanity, and the reader is less told than left to infer that with this feeling of hers is blended the sordid satisfaction of getting out of him, gratis, any number of photographs of her fair self. When both objects are accomplished, she pretends that her bashful and retiring adorer will find more favour in her eyes if he, too, will volunteer to fight for the North, and he obeys what to him is a command. To obtain new prominence and excitement, she herself goes off to the seat of war as an amateur lady nurse, and captivates a Colonel on the headquarters staff.

He is very slightly wounded, and after the battle appears with Julia, fondly tending him, in a barn, suddenly converted into a military hospital, and full of the wounded and the dying. In the midst of the squalor and disorder Julia presents "a picture of cool, fresh neatness." One severely wounded warrior, she insists, shall make room for her Colonel. He proves to be her dupe, the Lieutenant of artillery. He gives up his resting-place to the Colonel, whom Julia is fanning, when her dress is clutched by a dying man behind her. In him, grimy and disfigured by wounds, she at last recognises her other village dupe, the poor photographer. He has recognised her, and his fingers only loosen their hold as he breathes his last. With a few cold words she walks off, on her arm her Colonel, who has recovered his footing, and is making her gallant speeches. So ends the story. Until its close there is little that is exciting in it, but it is wonderful how, out of such simple material, Mr. Frederic has evolved a telling fiction. And truly though quietly tragical is the closing scene in the improvised military hospital.

In his weak preface to *Democracy and Liberty* (two vols, Longmans and Co.), Mr. Lecky ponderously answers "his illustrious" friend Mr. W. R. Greg's puerile remonstrance that "he could not understand the state of mind of a man who, when so many questions of burning and absorbing interest were rising round him, could devote the best years of his life to the study of a vanished past." The obvious retort is that of Æschylus: "To-day is the daughter of yesterday," or, as Mr. Lecky uncouthly puts it, "I do not think the course I was then taking is incapable of defence; the history of the past is not without its uses in elucidating the politics of the present; and in an age and country in which politicians and reformers are abundantly numerous, it is not undesirable that a few men should persistently remain outside the arena." Wherefore Mr. Lecky entered Parliament. It was not worth Mr. Lecky's while thus to belabour a tin tack with a sledgehammer; and we quote this single sentence from his self-justification only in illustration of the historian's style. The one fault to be found with this wise, weighty, temperate, and opportune work is its formlessness. It is rather a vast quarry where rough-hewn blocks lie awaiting the builder than a compact and well-proportioned structure. But it would be difficult to overestimate the value of Mr. Lecky's facts or inferences, the width of his survey or the depth of his observation. It is reassuring to find his survey and observation of the forces at work in England to-day on the whole satisfactory. While he admits what, indeed, is indisputable, that Parliamentary government here has entered on its decadence, he denies this to be indicative of decadence in our national character. On the contrary, he insists that the improvement in our national character is incontestable. Improvement in the milder virtues might, perhaps, be supposed to be not compatible only, but correlated with, decline in national virility; on this point also, however, Mr. Lecky is reassuring. He believes "that there is no failing in the stronger, fiercer, and more tenacious qualities that have made England what she is. Amid all the much-obtruded sentimentalisms of our time, there are indications that the fibre of the race is still unimpaired." It is a pity that a work of such research, sagacity, and opportuneness should be so clumsily written.

If the Duke of Cambridge should happen to read the gird at him in the preface to *The Volunteers and the National Defence* (Archibald Constable), he will probably be reminded of the fable of the Dying Lion and the Ass. Captain Wilkinson, however, has written an opportune and suggestive book well worth the study of others besides Volunteers. He strongly advocates the arming of the Volunteers with the same weapon as that used by the Army, the introduction of a rational system of selection according to fitness among the officers, and the acquisition at the public expense of accessible and adequate spaces for manoeuvring and musketry practice.



## FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

I lately remarked on the difficulties caused to judges and juries by the existence of the double. In I forget what old book, but I think it is in Wierus, we read of a gentleman who, with his servant, very early in the morning saw a worthy magistrate of a German town commit a horrible crime, and in the street too. Going straight to his house they found him asleep in bed, a circumstance which greatly bewildered them. His double was the criminal!

Again, in Glasgow, towards the end of the last century, the town's Dogberries used to scour the streets on Sundays, driving careless people into church. They met a young man, a medical student, beside the river, who bade them search in a certain place for the dead body of a murdered girl. Returning to church they found the same young man there, and it was easily demonstrated by witnesses that he had been present through the sermon and service. The dead girl was found in the place indicated, and the young man had been her lover. Nothing could be proved against him, and the affair remains a judicial puzzle. In this case the double seems to have been penitent, whereas in the former it was criminal. One was Jekyll, the other was Hyde: both were, on the whole, detrimental to the cause of justice. Thus, the inconveniences incidental to "astral bodies" are not confined to the region of farce.

Another new, or, rather, revised kind of offence will be hard to deal with. Everyone has heard of glamour which—

Could make a lady seem a knight,  
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall  
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;  
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,  
A sheeling seem a palace large.

According to Colonel Olcott, Madame Blavatsky's dragoman on the Nile could make cold water seem the best of coffee. The lady herself could, when in dire poverty, make the gallant Colonel see a handful of diamonds worth £10,000 where there was not even paste.

Carry this into practical life. A lady comes to Messrs. Blank, the diamond merchants, and sells them £10,000 worth of stones. When Mr. Blank looks at them next, behold! they are split peas! What remedy has Mr. Blank? Can the vendor be accused of obtaining money on false pretences? A jury would not accept Mr. Blank's evidence. They would argue that someone had stolen the diamonds out of the safe, and in a vaggishness had substituted for them split peas. That theory commends itself to reason, and the fair witch would leave the court without a stain on her character. We could only heave the sigh for the worthy tradesman. The Earl of Savoy, according to Froissart, solved a similar difficulty by seizing the sorcerer. "Go and get a hangman" [said the Earl], "and let him strike off this mayster's head without delay." And as soon as the Erle had commanded it, incontinent it was done, for his head was stricken off before the Erle's tent." This occurred "when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle upon the coast of Naples" in 1381.

For a rare example of impudence, I would commend the following letter. Some years ago I wrote and Mr. Nutt published a translation of the old French tale "Aucassin et Nicolette." A limited number of copies was printed—I think five hundred. The book is "out of print." Last year an American publisher pirated my "Aucassin." According to a review he printed it in an unsatisfactory way, and he added some kind of ugly photograph of an etched frontispiece by Mr. Jacob Hood. He never asked my permission, which he might have had for asking so far as America was concerned. I did the book for love, not for lucre. I remonstrated in a letter to the *Critic*. To-day I

receive this letter from the publisher: it is of a rare impertinence—

MR. ANDREW LANG.

April 21, 1896.

Dear Sir,—I have to-day mailed you copies of my "Old World" edition of your translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette," also of FitzGerald's version of Omar. Let me hope that you will accept them, and after due examination find I have done you no discredit in associating your work with that of FitzGerald. As to the ethics of reprinting, I shall not say anything. I have simply taken what I admired, and am, no doubt, no better than my brother pirates. If there was, as you assume, any discourtesy, I am sorry for it. I can assure you I should enjoy your work, though you cursed me with a twenty-devil curse. But why not let your good humour

Clubs, the Roxburghe, the Camden Society, the old Bannatyne, Abbotsford, Maitland, and other clubs exist for the purpose of reprinting these rarities. Large editions of them could find no market. Just enough people to pay the expenses will from various motives buy a small restricted edition. But if any American pirate can reprint such volumes and sell them in England the small circle which makes such enterprises possible will cease to subscribe. These books will not be edited and printed. The American pirate will find nothing in this sort to steal, and students will have to do without documents of much service to them. As long as the American only sells stolen goods in America we can regard him with comparative indifference; when he lands "Old World editions" on our shores he becomes a more serious nuisance. Even if his traffic can be stopped he gives trouble. And then he grins!

The Franco-Scottish Society (an unpolitical revival of the Ancient League) has printed a design by Mr. James Duncan. It is in the mediæval taste, and represents Jeanne d'Arc riding into Reims surrounded by the Scottish Guard. A contemporary tapestry, which has been engraved, records the same scene. Mr. Duncan has made Jeanne wear her hair long, flowing down her back: she really wore it close-cropped, like a soldier. This, in fact, was one of the charges against her at her trial. Otherwise the details are authentic.

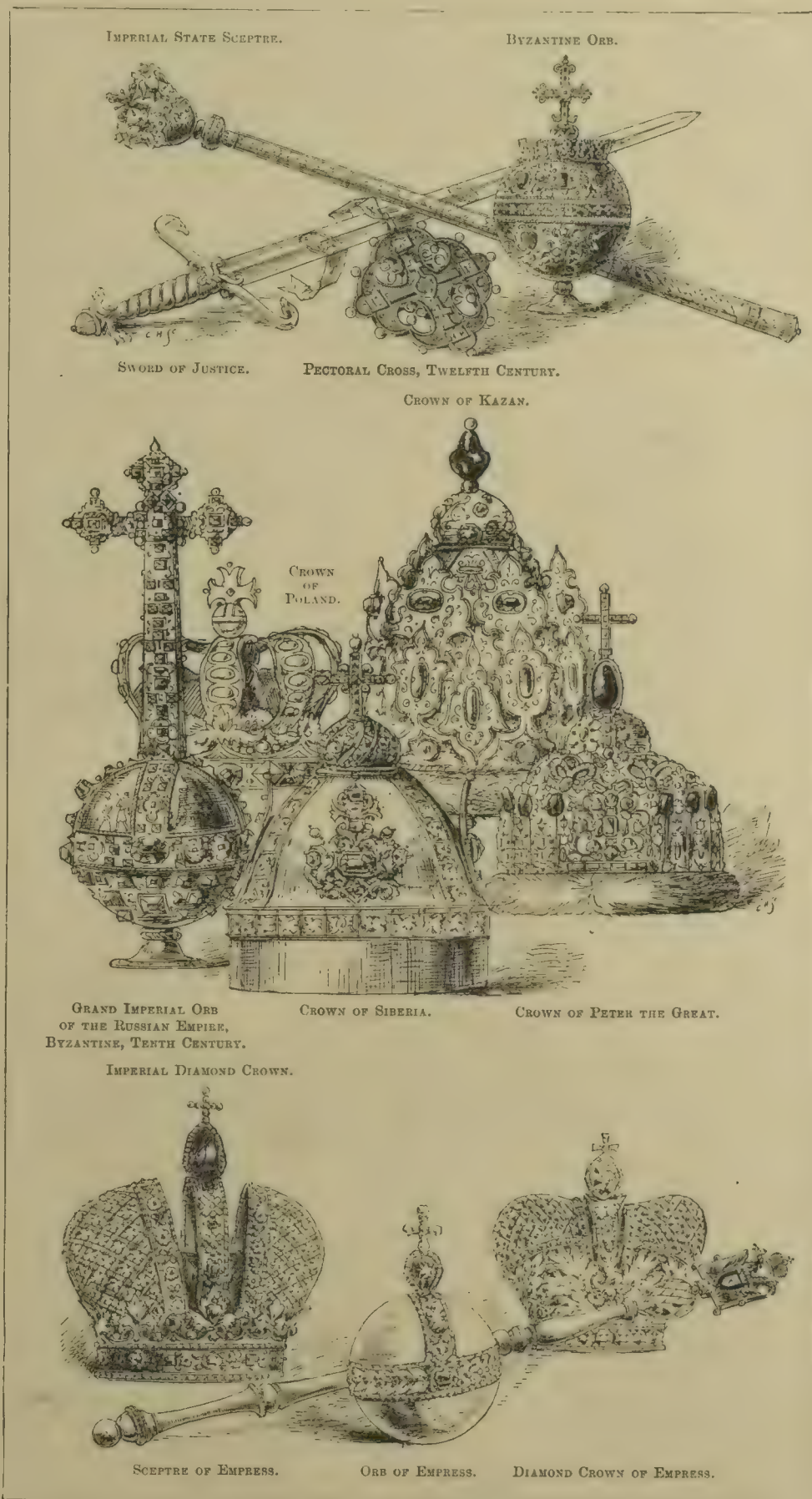
Up to the present time statistics concerning the attendance on Sundays at the great museums and picture-galleries of London are found to justify to the full the oft-debated Sunday opening of such institutions. On Sunday, May 17, the number of visitors to the several great exhibitions was as follows: South Kensington Museum, 2659; Natural History Museum, 2398; British Museum, 1790; Bethnal Green Museum, 799; Geological Museum, 212; and the National Gallery, 2106. Close on ten thousand Londoners in all thus availed themselves of what is doubtless, to the majority of them, the one available opportunity in the week for intelligent recreation and self-culture.

Great industrial and agricultural distress continues to prevail in India. In the North-Western Provinces some 265,000 persons are now engaged on work provided for their relief, 16,000 in Central India, and 15,000 in Rajputana.

Experiments have been recently made in America with a new flying machine, which is thought by those capable of judging to offer great possibilities. The new aërodrome is worked by steam and no gas is used. The machine rises in a spiral course to a height of one hundred feet, and at present travels a distance of half a mile at the speed of twenty miles an hour. When the supply of steam is exhausted the machine descends safely to the earth again. The new aërodrome has been invented by Professor Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who says that with a larger machine he will be able to carry apparatus for

condensing his supply of steam, and thus will be able to undertake longer distances. Professor Bell, whose name is well known in connection with the development of the telephone, has stated his opinion that the invention opens a new epoch in the history of aerial travel.

Death has deprived Aberdeen of her "Queen's Pilot," Alexander Dyce Davidson, who had been coxswain of her chief life-boat for over thirty years, and a member of its crew for forty years all but one. His title of "Queen's Pilot" dated from the time when he piloted the Queen and the Prince Consort into harbour on the occasion of their first visit to the Granite City on their way to the Highlands. "Dicey" was a fine old man who had helped to save some four hundred lives, yet spoke of such a record with a becoming touch of modesty.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR: SOME OF THE RUSSIAN REGALIA IN THE IMPERIAL TREASURY AT THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

prevail and ascribe my forcible entry to mere inability to keep my hands off your exquisite productions?

Very truly yours, T. B. MOSHER.

"The ethics of reprinting" is good; so is "I have simply taken what I admired." Strange condition of opinion when such performances are regarded as regular!

I do not know much of copyright law, nor can I tell whether this person may vend my work and Mr. Jacob Hood's in this country. From his mention of an "Old World edition" it seems that he thinks he can.

Of personal loss I am not complaining—I have nothing to lose—but this kind of piracy, if permitted, does harm to literature. Many old manuscripts and rare old books are useful, perhaps necessary, to a few students. The Book





THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE DEFEAT OF THE DERVISHES NEAR AKASHEH ON MAY 1.

*From a sketch by Captain E. A. Stanton.*

*In the extreme distance the Dervishes are to be seen retreating before three squadrons of Egyptian Cavalry. The troops in the foreground belong to the 11th Soudanese Regiment, three companies of which were sent out to support the Cavalry.*



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"When an old bachelor marries a young girl the crime carries its own punishment," says Sir Peter Teazle, or words to that effect. Mr. Barrie in his "Professor's Love Story" endeavoured to make us believe the contrary, for, unless I am misinformed—not having seen the piece myself—the public are not allowed to see the sequel to this union between a sapling and an oak, and are therefore ignorant whether the results of that union are happy or not.

It appears that Messrs. Carson and Parker have elected to preach Sir Peter Teazle's doctrine, or, rather, Sheridan's, through the mouth of Professor Jogran, who in their new piece at the Criterion persuades his friend, Sir Jasper Thorndyke, to leave Dorothy Cruickshank severely alone, and not to upset her engagement to William Westwood. True, the Professor's advice is apparently prompted by the fact that his friend, in endeavouring to win the love of the young girl who has practically plighted her troth to someone else, would commit a dishonourable act; nevertheless, I have a strong suspicion that the authors were not perfectly frank and virtually disguised their motive. I mean this. Had they been convinced that the love of a middle-aged man for a young girl, even when requited, does not lead to trouble in the long run, their Professor Jogran would have held a different argument.

I am not going to inquire how far Messrs. Carson and Parker were indebted for their underlying idea—inasmuch as I feel sure that this idea is there—to Victor Hugo's "Hernani" and Casimir Delavigne's "Ecole des Vieillards." I am merely going to commend them for their excellent sense in having stopped Sir Jasper's flirtation in the nick of time. It shows on their part shrewd observation, which, after all, is the first and foremost requisite of the playwright.

They are perfectly right: the love of a middle-aged man for a young woman is nearly always productive of mischief. Swift knew it, and, if my memory does not deceive me, did not hesitate to tell both Stella and Vanessa. Swift, however, acted less honourably than Béranger. It happened while he was living very retired at Tours. Béranger was over sixty, yet a young English girl, extremely beautiful, became deeply enamoured of him, and he, the author of "Frétilton" and "Lisette," the man who had never had a serious love affair in his life, felt himself carried away by an all-devouring passion that set his blood coursing through his veins and drove him frantic both with joy and agony.

But the young girl was the pride and hope of her parents. Béranger was a strictly conscientious man: an elopement, proposed by the young girl herself, would have been a blot on this life. Like a thief in the night he left Tours and hid himself in a village near Paris, at Fontenay, "like a wounded animal that takes refuge in the dense underwood to suffer in silence; to let the blood of his wound flow freely previous to cleansing it from the pure babbling brook." For more than a twelvemonth he lived there, absolutely alone, refusing to reveal his whereabouts even to his dearest friends, disguising his eyes behind a large pair of blue spectacles, and patiently waiting for the termination of his martyrdom. The authors of "Rose-mary" show us their hero after fifty years, indifferent to, nay, scarcely remembering, the passion of his middle age. Oblivion came to Béranger long before that; in a twelvemonth he was completely cured.

Those who have read my description and estimate of General Cavaignac elsewhere will have great difficulty in picturing him at the age of fifty or more as the object of a young girl's passion. Yet it is absolutely true that after his victory in June 1848 over the Parisian revolutionaries three or four young girls fell desperately in love with him, and offered themselves as his wives. Napoleon III., who knew of this, always maintained—of course, in the way of a joke—that the prospect of half-a-dozen similar offers induced Changarnier to quell the disturbances in June '49, rather than the wish to see order prevail.

Scribe, whose love-affairs would fill a book, had a similar experience. One day when M. Ernest Legouvé—his co-author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur"—was telling him the story of Béranger, Scribe suddenly rose from his chair. "My dear good friend," he exclaimed, "Béranger's story is absolutely like mine. I also, at the age of sixty or more, have suddenly and for the first time in my life felt that bewildering, maddening sensation which we call an intense passion. I also met, not with a young girl, but with a young woman willing to throw everything to the winds for, to sacrifice everything to, me. And like Béranger, I beheld uprising before me my advanced age, my life, all I have been and all I have done. You have just said it: a man does not rid himself at will of an honourable and honest past. All the plays in which I have sung the praises and the holiness of the matrimonial tie, of the purity of home life, of love hallowed by reason, flung their weight upon me at once. Then there was my dear wife, whom I would have driven to despair . . . and a twelvemonth ago I broke off what was not yet a bond, but Heaven alone knows at the cost of how much suffering!"

Berlioz was not quite so strong-minded. But he also had his martyrdom, though the woman loved him intensely. "What more do you want?" asked M. Legouvé when Berlioz told him. "What more do I want?" exclaimed Berlioz with a gesture of despair. "What more do I want? I want twenty years less. I am sixty years old."

The truth is that men cannot be happy under such circumstances. They—the men—are capable of loving a stupid, an ugly, nay, even a spiteful woman. They cannot love an old woman and they think women incapable of loving an old man. It simply shows that woman is the better creature—that she more frequently loves with her soul than with her senses.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W BIDDLE (Forest Lane).—We are pleased to hear from you again, and trust to find the problem as good as you used to send.

W CLUGSON (Belfast).—We hope to find your problem up to publication form.

THETA.—If the problem is accepted for publication we shall require your name and address.

F G TUCKER.—Your contribution is very welcome, and we are glad to hear you are likely to favour us with further problems.

W A CLARK (Molesey).—Received with thanks.

F T (Tunbridge Wells).—Surely 3. Kt to B 6th is a very obvious mate.

W S FENNELLOSA (Salem, Mass.).—So far as we have examined your problem, it is very fine, and most acceptable. Your criticism is a very fair one.

W P S (Capetown).—Thanks for your kind appreciation. No. 2714 has only one solution, neither of the moves that you suggest yielding a second.

W P HIND.—Many thanks.

CAPTAIN J A CHALLICE (Great Yarmouth).—We give you credit below, and regret it did not appear in its proper order.

A C TODD.—Kindly send your problem on a diagram.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2713 received from C A M (Penang) and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2714 from Upendranath Maitra; of No. 2716 from Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Emile Frau (Lyons), and Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2718 from S W F, F Glanville, T Roberts, Emile Frau (Lyons), and Matfield; of No. 2719 from J Bailey (Newark), Emile Frau, Splendide Mendax, R H Brooks, Alfred Vasseur (Amie s), George C Turner (Solihull Lodge), Frank H Rollison, H S Brandreth, F Glanville, F W C (Edgbaston), Oliver Icingle, Dr C A Hill, John M Robert (Crossgar, co. Down), Castle Lea, C W Smith (Stroud), Bruno Feist (Cologne), J D Tucker (Leeds), W Clugson (Belfast), and Dr F St (Camberwell).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2720 received from T Chown, M Rieloff (Greenwich), Shadforth, F Waller (Luton), J D Tucker (Leeds), E P Vulliamy, Tuxen (Newcastle), F James (Wolverhampton), W d A Barnard (Uppingham), Captain Spencer, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), M Burke, Dr F St, C E Perugini, H T Atterbury, Albert Wolff, J S Wesley (Exeter), J Coad, L J Edwards (Great Marlow), R T (Belfast), Bluet, and T G Elliott (Brixton).

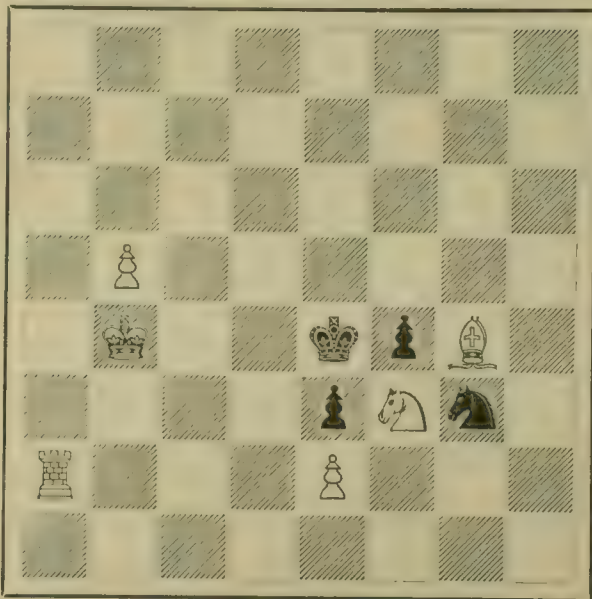
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2719.—By JEFF ALLEN.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Kt 3rd. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2722.

By A. HILL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Divan Tournament between Messrs. LEE and CRESWELL.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.).	BLACK (Mr. C.).	WHITE (Mr. L.).	BLACK (Mr. C.).
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	Black play here P takes P. White wins a piece by the reply B to Kt 6th (ch)	
2. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd		
3. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd		
4. Q to Kt 4th			
This early rally of the Queen is not of much avail, as White cannot with safety capture the hostile K R P.			
5. Q to R 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	13. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Q B sq
6. P to K B 3rd	P to K R 3rd	14. B takes P	Kt to B 3rd
7. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd	15. B to Kt 6th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
8. B to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	16. B to B 5th (ch)	K to K sq
9. P to R 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	17. Q Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th
10. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to K R 4th	18. Castles (K R)	P to K Kt 4th
11. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th	19. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Q B sq
A miscalculation which loses the game. Black's best course was to Castle on the Queen's side.			
12. P takes P	P takes P	20. Q to K 2nd	B takes B
13. P to K 4th		21. Kt takes B	K to Q 2nd
This move wins at least a Pawn with much the superior position. Obviously, if			
		22. P to Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd
		23. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 4th
		24. B to Q 4th	Q to K Kt sq
		25. B takes Kt	P takes B
		26. Kt takes B	K takes Kt
		27. Q takes P (ch)	K to B 2nd
		28. Kt to K 4th	Kt to K sq
		Black has no defence. The ending is played prettily by White.	
		29. P to K B 4th	K to Kt 3rd
		30. P takes P	R to Q sq
		31. R to B 6th (ch)	Kt takes R
		32. Q takes Kt (ch)	Resigns.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

An interesting series of researches on the influence exerted by various substances on living matter (or protoplasm) was recently made the subject of a Croonian Lecture by Dr. A. Waller. The particular kind of living matter employed in these researches was the protoplasm of nerve, which is not only a very highly specialised form of the "matter of life," but which also exhibits a delicate sensitiveness to the action of varied agents. The particular interest attaching to Dr. Waller's experiments has reference to the influence of various anaesthetics on the nervous matter—chloroform, ether, and carbonic dioxide, to wit. When subjected to the action of these narcotics, the agents being employed in small amount, the nerve-protoplasm undergoes distinct stimulation. In larger quantities, carbonic dioxide—otherwise carbonic acid gas, or that given forth from our lungs in the act of breathing—diminishes or abolishes the excitability of the nerve-protoplasm. When ether vapour is used, the nerve is put to sleep, as it were, for a lengthened time, but complete restoration of its sensibility follows in due season. Chloroform acts differently. It gives a more prolonged, and often final, loss of excitability, and recovery, when it does take place, is of a much less complete nature than is the case when ether is used. When carbonic dioxide is added to the chloroform, the poisonous effects of the latter are modified, while the anaesthetic action is apparently more complete, and recovery takes place.

These experiments, conducted on nerve-matter itself, possess, it seems to me, a distinct relation to the nature of anaesthetics on the brain itself. It may be said that Dr. Waller's investigations scarcely reach the stage where they can be applied to the facts and requirements of the living body at large when that body is rendered insensible for purposes of surgical procedure. He himself would probably be the first to admit this; but his researches must inevitably suggest certain thoughts connected with the explanation of the relative safety of ether when compared with the action of chloroform, while they will also open the door to investigation regarding the modifying influence on chloroform of carbonic acid gas. It may be possible that in this latter agent may be found a means of counter-acting whatever disadvantages chloroform pure and simple exhibits as an anaesthetic.

Another point disclosed by Dr. Waller's researches was the fact that nerve-tissue, as the result of its work, gives off carbonic acid as a waste product. Everybody knows that the effect of muscular work is to increase the amount of this product excreted by the muscles, but as regards nerve-tissue, this action, if suspected, has not hitherto been demonstrated. Dr. Waller has made it clear that the nerve obeys the same laws as regards the evolution of waste-products as do the muscles. It gives off carbonic acid as the result of its wear and tear. Finally, the use of the delicate white matter within which the axis of every nerve fibre is contained, receives a new explanation. We are told that it is the function of the white matter of the fibre to supply the means of rapid repair to the living axis which carries the messages of the nervous system. This is both instructive and interesting; for in addition to acting as a source of repair, the white matter of a fibre insulates that fibre from its neighbours, and thus subserves much the same function as the gutta-percha envelopes surrounding the wires in a cable.

This is a noisy world. The observation is far from original, but day by day it receives fresh illustration to the end that our lives are rendered unnecessarily unpleasant and probably shortened through the nerve-worry which noise induces. I note so much unnecessary noise caused by the thoughtlessness and selfishness of mankind that I feel tempted to draw up a little code of rules which may be used to mark the ways and regulate the life of the modern man—and sometimes those of the modern woman as well. Many people (otherwise sane, reasonable, and responsible) order their lives according to the following simple methods: Always slam a door; this is a mark of *hauteur* which shows a man's independence. Always talk loudly and noisily in public places. In railway carriages always neglect the colds, coughs, and neuralgias of your neighbours in the matter of having the windows down when your own back is nicely disposed towards the engine. Always remember that it is of no moment to disturb those who are asleep. When you come up to bed from the smoke-room of your hotel—say at one or two a.m.—talk loudly in the passages, tell that story you forgot downstairs, and have a laughing chorus fit to wake the seven sleepers of Ephesus. Always slam your bedroom door, after kicking off your boots, and after slinging them out of your room so that they cannonade the opposite bedroom door. Always play your piano, or other instrument you think you can tackle effectively, and pay no attention whatever to your barking dog; while to keep a crowing rooster or two may be recommended as an additional mark of independence. Acting according to this code of conduct you will join the great majority of unthinking persons who make life unpleasant to others, and who are the despair of every reasonable soul.

When I have complained to hotel managers of the incessant disturbance of one's night's rest in this way, I have been met with the plea that it is impossible to find any remedy. But not one of these gentlemen have adopted the plan I once saw illustrated (at the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, if I mistake not). There the walls are duly placarded with neat little notices to the effect that the management hopes visitors arriving late or departing early will do so with as little noise as possible, so as to preserve the comfort, peace, and amenity of the hotel. When I read in my hotel bedroom that "So and So's soap is alone used in this hotel," the fact may be interesting and instructive, and I admire "So and So's" advertising ingenuity. But I had rather see a placard to the effect that a little extra consideration for the comfort of others is demanded of us. That would lessen the friction of life a little. I hope the hotel managers who read these pages will take the hint. But, all the same, it is a noisy (and a selfish) world.



# THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

*Sketched by our Special Artist in Moscow.*



THE STATE ENTRY INTO MOSCOW: THE 'CZAR PASSING THROUGH THE HOLY GATE INTO THE KREMLIN.

*On May 21 the Czar and Czarina made their State entry into Moscow from the Petrowsky Palace. At the Holy Gate, or Gate of the Redeemer, the chief entrance to the Kremlin, their Imperial Majesties were met by the Governor of the Kremlin, and, after passing through the sacred archway, entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, where a solemn service was being held.*



# THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

*Sketched by our Special Artist in Moscow.*



A HALT IN THE STATE ENTRY INTO MOSCOW: THE CRUCIFIX AND HOLY WATER PRESENTED TO THE CZAR AND CZARINA BEFORE THE CHAPEL OF THE IBERIAN MADONNA.

*The Chapel of the Iberian Madonna, close to the Gate of the Resurrection, contains a picture of the Blessed Virgin which is accredited with miraculous powers. Here their Imperial Majesties were met by the Vicar of Moscow and the Bishop of Mojaish, and after kissing a crucifix and crossing themselves with holy water, entered the chapel and knelt before the sacred picture.*



# THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

*Sketched by our Special Artist in Moscow.*



ARRIVAL OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA WITH THEIR INFANT DAUGHTER, THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, AT MOSCOW.

*On May 18 the Emperor and Empress, with the Grand Duchess Olga, arrived at the new Imperial Pavilion specially erected at the Warsaw station, Moscow. The pavilion was richly decorated and was the scene of a private reception, the Grand Dukes being assembled there to greet the Czar and Czarina. Their Imperial Majesties afterwards proceeded to the Petrowsky Palace, where they spent the two days previous to the State entry into the capital.*



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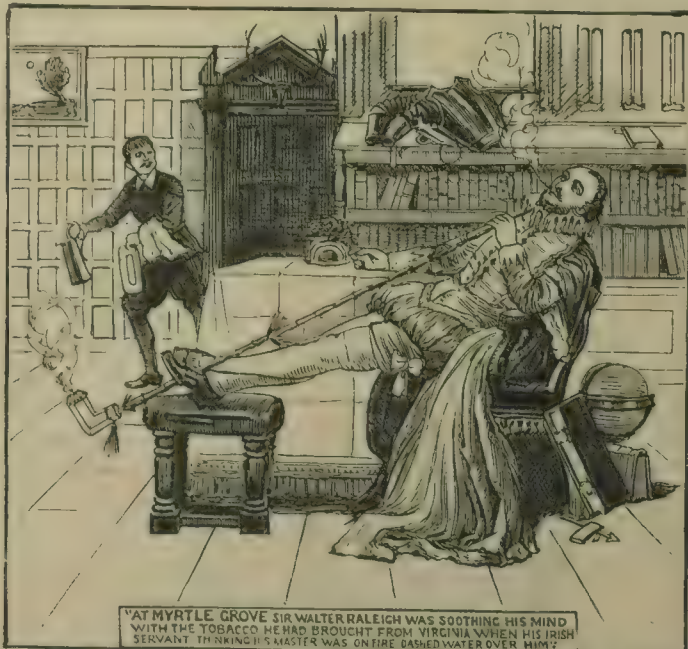
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## BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

The Marquis of Granby, to whom a peerage has been given in anticipation of the dukedom of Rutland, which descends to him as his father's son, was born in 1852. He was the only son of his mother (*née* Catherine Morlay, of Belvedere, County Westmeath), a very beautiful woman, who died after a brief married life of only three years; but he has several half brothers and sisters, the children of the present popular Duchess of Rutland. Lord Granby entered public life as Private Secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury in 1885, and he held that post at intervals till 1888, when he entered Parliament as member for East Leicestershire. In 1895 he retired in favour of his eldest half-brother. In 1882 he married the daughter and heiress of Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay, by whom he has had two sons (the elder of whom died in 1894) and three daughters. Lady Granby has a pretty skill with her chalks and pencils, and she has often had the advantage of securing her husband as a sitter, so that his tall figure and fair features are known to many to whom he is personally a stranger.

The Right Hon. Edward Heneage, another of the new Peers, is the eldest son of the late Mr. George Fieschi Heneage, M.P., of Hainton Hall, Lincolnshire, and was born in 1840. After leaving Eton he served in the 1st Life Guards. He represented the city of Lincoln in Parliament as a Liberal for three years from 1865, and was returned in the same interest for Great Grimsby in 1880, and again in 1885 and 1886. In 1892 he was defeated; but a year later was once more returned at a bye-election. At the last General Election, however, he lost the seat. Under Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1885 he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Vice-President of agricultural concerns, but his inability to agree with the Premier's Irish Bill led him to

resign his office. He married Lady Eleanor Cecilia Hare, daughter of the late Lord Listowel.

Colonel J. Wingfield Malcolm, C.B., who is also raised to the Peerage, was for some years a well-known figure in the House of Commons, where he sat in the Conservative interest for Boston from 1860 to 1874, when he was defeated. In June of the same year, however, he was again returned, on a scrutiny, and held the seat for another four years. He subsequently represented Argyllshire as a Conservative from 1886 to 1892. Colonel Malcolm is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Malcolm of Poltalloch, Argyllshire, and is now in his sixty-third year. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and married a daughter of the fourth Baron Boston. He is an enthusiastic Volunteer and a Colonel of the Princess Louise's 5th Volunteer Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Sir Philip Le Page Renouf is one of the many men and women, from Sir John Millais to Mrs. Langtry, whom the Channel Islands have given to English public life. Born in Guernsey in 1824, Sir Philip proceeded in due course to Pembroke College, Oxford, and there became a devoted adherent of Newman, whom he finally followed into the Roman Church. When Newman went to Ireland in the 'Fifties to be Rector of the Catholic University, Sir Philip Renouf joined him there as Professor of Ancient History and Eastern Languages. A more public career was in store for him, however; and after being, for a short period, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, he entered on the far more congenial duties assigned to him as Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum—a post which he relinquished in 1891. His profound scholarship has given Sir Philip a pre-eminent position among Biblical scholars in Egyptology; and his time is now mostly occupied by a translation of "The Book of the Dead."



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY,  
NEW PEER.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD HENEAGE,  
NEW PEER.



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.  
COLONEL MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH,  
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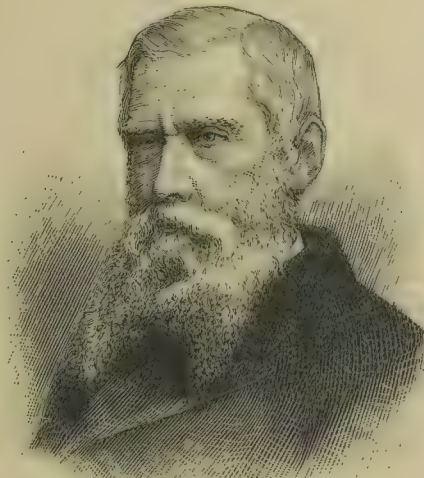


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MR. P. LE PAGE RENOUF,  
NEW KNIGHT.

## QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



THE RINDERPEST IN SOUTH AFRICA: PHYSICKING CATTLE.



## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

## A CHAT WITH SLATIN PASHA.

By our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

Remembering his twelve years of cruel captivity in Omdurman and his seventeen years of absence from civilisation, to say nothing of the numberless disappointments, reverses, and dangers which have fallen to his lot, one would expect in Slatin Pasha a disposition somewhat saddened by his hard fortune, or, at any rate, decidedly soured by so many joyless years. It was, therefore, with a feeling of surprise that I first made Slatin's acquaintance. Instead of the embittered man I expected, I saw before me one whose face was simply beaming with good-humour, and whose eyes were twinkling with fun, though, with it all, the tell-tale lines on his face told the story of his sufferings with more eloquence than any spoken or written description. But perhaps the most striking thing about him is his modesty. He talks of his many dangers and his long captivity only when he is asked about them, and then describes the humorous aspects, if there can be any thing humorous in the stern, grim life which he has led.

There are so many things of interest in Slatin Pasha's life that there is a difficulty where to begin to question him. And curiously enough, for a man of such a record, he considers the hardest part of his life that period subsequent to his return from captivity which he gave up to the preparation of his book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan."

"I wrote it in three months," he said to me, "working hard from morning till night. There are over two hundred thousand words in it, and the whole was written from memory. You cannot imagine what a labour it was to me, who had not written for so many years. Physically as well as mentally, it was a tremendous strain on me, and when I had written 'Finis' I believe I was as pleased as when I arrived at Assouan from Omdurman."

Slatin has somewhat of an objection to interviewers,



THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT: A CONFERENCE—SLATIN PASHA IN THE CHAIR.



GUARDING THE MOSQUE AT PRAYER-TIME.

and complains that they have put words into his mouth which he never used. It is therefore difficult to make him speak of his experiences, for he has a dread lest he should be imagined in the smallest degree a boaster. Such a description of the Pasha would indeed be the most incorrect one possible.

The account of his captivity and of the various incidents of his life in the Soudan, are they not written in his now famous book? But his life since he appeared at Assouan, and the flattering reception he received at the hands of the Emperor Francis Joseph and his compatriots, are not to be found, for Slatin's modesty forbids. But it is only just to his fair fame to say that the cordiality of his sovereign was more than that of an Emperor towards a distinguished subject. It was the same thing wherever he went, and he cherishes a very pleasant remembrance of his reception in England.

I asked Slatin how his terrible captivity had affected him.

"Physically," he said, with his cheerful smile. "I think it has done me a little harm, but I have learnt from my long years at Omdurman what the words Hope and Patience really mean. The former I never lost, even when I sat bowed down with heavy chains and expected hourly some dire disaster, and my master, the Khalifa, made me thoroughly understand and appreciate the virtue of patience."

I happened to mention the word "dangerous" in connection with his life in the Soudan. Immediately Slatin took me up.

"Danger!" he said; "what do you mean by danger? The danger of meeting with my death? Look you, when I went back to Austria after my long absence and inquired after the fellow-officers of my regiment, what did I find? They were nearly all dead. They had not been through a long life in the Soudan, yet they had found

their graves before I had come by mine. Fate is stronger than man!"

Of Slatin's many experiences, perhaps the most curious was his first cigarette and his first glass of wine after twelve years' abstinence. Although formerly very fond of smoking, he had quite got over his liking for the weed during his enforced abstinence with the Khalifa, and when he smoked his first cigarette at Assouan, the sensation, according to his description, was positively unpleasant. It was the same with his first glass of very weak claret-and-soda. The taste of it was bitter, and the effect was to make him quite giddy for a minute or two.

Slatin is taking part in the present expedition not at all from a feeling of personal vengeance.

"There are a great many of the Dervishes who have been very kind to me, and who are my friends. I wish to join any expedition which will help to free them and their comrades from the frightful tyranny of the Khalifa; and if I can, in however humble a way, help to bring that about, I shall feel that I have done an incalculable good to thousands of suffering people. I have written a book called 'Fire and Sword in the Soudan.' Now my ambition is to write one with the title of 'Peace and Prosperity in the Soudan.'"

It is the opinion of Slatin that the Soudan is the nerve-centre of Egypt, and that for the well-being of the latter it is absolutely necessary that the upper river should be wrested from the hands of the Khalifa. His intimate knowledge of the Dervish organisation will undoubtedly be of the greatest utility during the present expedition. The meeting of Livingstone and Stanley has remained for many years the type of romantic *rencontres*; but when Slatin meets the Khalifa may I be there to see!

Captain Mahon.

Lieutenant Hoskins.



112° IN THE SHADE.

Captain Whittane.





A DUMB MESSENGER: A RIDERLESS HORSE GALLOPING BACK TO THE SUPPORTS.



## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

All the prettiest gowns which are to put in their appearance at Ascot this year are made of muslin or of batiste, flowered and most liberally trimmed with lace or lawn embroidery. A white ground muslin with a mauve pattern upon it, which looks somewhat like the lavender prints formerly adopted by the maid-servants, makes a charming gown trimmed with a lace frilled fichu, and a mauve and white glacé silk corselet belt. The glacé silk is as popular as ever it was, and may be found in some form or the other on most of the new frocks: green and white, mauve and white, and rose pink and white are the colours specially in favour, and a grass-lawn embroidered gown will look well mounted over either. A remarkably attractive dress of the silk grass-lawn has just been made by a leading London artist, mounted over green and white shot glacé silk with the bodice entirely of silk, the skirt trimmed just below the knees with a broad band of embroidery set *à jour*. A little tabbed basque completes the bodice, which turns back with unlined revers to show an elaborate cravat of tulle and lace. While interviewing it I was sincerely hoping its future wearer would realise the advantages of crowning it with one of the new hats of mushroom brim, and "jam-pot" crown, trimmed plainly with a bunch of feathers and a narrow band of velvet. And, by the way, I love these new hats very dearly, they are so exceedingly becoming and may be adapted almost to any young face by the omission or addition of a bandeau



A MUSLIN DRESS.

beneath. They are a pleasing change from the masses of tulle and flowers which have for some weeks now had the honour of decorating our millinery.

That is a very attractive muslin dress illustrated on this page, with a white ground and bouquets of pale pink flowers upon its surface. This is trimmed with flounces edged with Valenciennes lace, mounted over pink and white glacé silk, with belt and braces of black velvet. Of more utilitarian detail is the other frock sketched. This is made of dark red serge, faced with grass lawn and worn over a shirt of grass lawn; the jacket escapes the waist and hangs loosely over the bust in a style which would only be becoming to the slim girl. Such a dress would look very well made in grey alpaca, with a white chiffon front and collar of white silk; or, again, it might be adapted to the service of the mourner in black alpaca, with black crêpe de chine, and the bodice and collar faced with corded silk.

Fichus are articles of attire to which we should devote serious consideration, they are so exceedingly graceful when well worn. The ideal fabric to do them honour is, perhaps, chiffon; spotted net may, however, be recognised as a worthy substitute.

A delightful foulard gown which I have seen this week was made of white spotted with black, with a fichu of esprit net edged with grass lawn embroidery, which was, in its turn, bordered with a narrow Valenciennes lace; and foulard is again established a firm favourite, and will, no doubt, after Ascot, oust muslin from our affections. The dark blue-and-white foulard has perennial attractions. One of these may be most successfully treated with a bodice of white silk covered with spotted net, striped across with white satin ribbon, showing a short frilled basque terminating on the hips. Plain black foulard has its charms when

trimmed with insertions of white lace, and an accordion-kilted bodice made in this way will be found a possession deserving of affection.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

**TINY G.**—Pale pink hats are charming, and you can buy them quite inexpensively at D. H. Evans and Co., in Oxford Street, where they have some excellent millinery at low prices. I am rather tired of tulle trimming, and would sooner adopt, if I were you, roses or coquilles tied with black velvet ribbons.

**B. W.**—You can buy excellent white gloves at Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street, at 2s. 11d. a pair. These have large buttons, and are quite a good shape. That dress could easily be worn this year; an improvement to it, though, would be one of the new corselet belts in chiné ribbon, and these you can buy also ready made at Marshall and Snelgrove's. They are arranged to pass round the figure at the back and fasten under each arm. A white piqué Eton coat looks very nice; but do not forget to have the sleeves quite small.

**BRAINTREE.**—A black and white striped silk skirt would be a success, and the white chiffon bodice might have motifs of black lace and a black belt and a black collar-band with innumerable frillings of white chiffon peeping over the back; this, crowned with a black hat trimmed with black feathers and just a quilting of white net or chiffon on the extreme edge of the brim, would make a most successful costume and have the suggestion of mourning you desire. I should wear white gloves instead of black ones; black look so hot.

**VESTA.**—I have seen some lovely needlework lately designed by Mrs. Evershed, of 7, Hanover Square. Linen is an excellent foundation, but the pattern is the great point; however, go there, and I am certain you will find something you like.

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

If grandeur can compensate for isolation, danger, and moral difficulties ever pressing, the young Sovereigns of Russia may be enviable. A friend in Paris sends me an advance description of some of the dresses made there for the coronation, and the splendour of these gives a slight indication of the magnificence of the scene in which they are to shine. All the imperial ladies themselves are wearing gowns made in Russia, except the Empress Alexander. It is a peculiar token of her affection for Paris dress that her Court attire for the coronation of her son is being there prepared, since it is in direct disobedience to tradition for a foreign order to be given for a dress for this particular occasion.

Her Majesty's Paris-made dress is of white velvet and white satin. The petticoat is of the latter material, and is embroidered very elaborately, but all in white; the immensely long train is of white velvet, and is embroidered deeply all round in a floral design, corresponding with the front. The décolletage of the satin bodice and the train are both edged with white ostrich-feather trimming, of which feathers there is also a cluster on the left shoulder.

The Empress-Dowager will not wear an ordinary crown, but the national heavy-looking diadem, which is curiously tied far back on the head with white satin ribbons that fall down the back to the waist. All Russian Court dresses have a balloon top to the sleeve, and thence a long falling-open piece, of the sort that we use in tea-gowns and call angel-sleeves.

It must needs be a sad occasion for the widow of the late Czar and the mother of the present one. But, though the throne of Russia is one of peril and uncertainty, it is a remarkable fact that during two-thirds of the last century it was occupied almost exclusively by female sovereigns, who all managed to retain their places and to govern "something better than the worst." The series began in 1725, with Catherine, the widow of Peter the Great, the ex-kitchenmaid whom Peter's favourite, General Menshikov, picked out of her scullery, and had taken from him by his imperial master, who married her in form, and, it is said, authorised her succeeding him on his death, to the exclusion of his own grandson, his son having been previously killed by his own orders. This Empress, being already of mature age, held her place on the throne but two years, then died a natural death.

In accordance with her will she was succeeded by the grandson of Peter by his first marriage; but this lad died of smallpox in a couple of years. A second Empress then ascended the throne in the person of Peter the Great's niece, the daughter of his half-brother. Though she seems to have had few qualifications for the position, Anne managed to reign till her death, ten years after her accession. She was succeeded by her natural male heir, a child; but he soon vanished from the scene, being replaced in two years, by means of a revolution, by yet another woman, Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great and the Empress Catherine above mentioned. She obtained the throne in 1741 and reigned till her death in 1761. Thus, in the thirty-six years next succeeding the death of Peter the Great the throne was occupied by three absolute female monarchs, who reigned in all thirty-two years.

Yet the most extraordinary of the series of women-rulers of this rough but mighty empire was yet to come in the person of the Empress Catherine II., who, by the vigour of her foreign policy and the excellence and courageously reforming character of her home government, won for herself, from a not altogether willing world, the title of "the Great." She was a German Princess who had not a vestige of a claim to the Russian throne, except as the wife of her husband. He was the nephew of the last Empress, and was brought up at her Court as her successor. There seems no sort of dispute that he was a half-idiotic, self-willed, tyrannical ruffian. But this hardly justified his wife in deposing him and seizing the crown for herself. It is like a fairy tale that she, a foreign Princess, snubbed and suppressed in the life-time of her predecessor, should have been able to win in the hour of supreme need (for her husband was going to imprison and execute her when she forestalled him) the support of the army and of men of sufficient influence



A SERGE COSTUME.

in the State to cause her to be crowned and formally accepted monarch of that nation to which she had come an almost dowerless little foreign girl seventeen years before. So it fell out, however, and Catherine, reigning till her death in 1796, brought up the number of years of female regality in Russia in the century to a total of fifty-six years. Catherine was absolutely devoid of what is exclusively called "virtue" in women, but she was, like our own Elizabeth Tudor, one of the greatest recorded stateswomen and born rulers of men. She made Russia internally more civilised, more free, happier, and yet greater in the council of the nations than it had ever been before. Beyond all question Catherine was a woman of great genius, and, in point of statecraft, the first worthy successor of Peter the Great. Truly an extraordinary career, and one which justifies the fame which has lived after her.

The Queen has had the new picture by Rosa Bonheur taken to Windsor Castle for her Majesty's inspection. The famous artist is now seventy-four years of age, but her force is no whit abated. In Lefevre's Gallery, where this picture is on view, there is a remarkably interesting portrait of Mdle. Bonheur, her hand resting on the head of a noble dog that she has herself painted; the rest of the picture being by Consuelo Fould. Her new great painting is called "The Duel," and represents an historic fight between two stallions.

As foreseen, the Women's Suffrage Bill did not come on last Wednesday week. There was an interesting display in Westminster Hall the day before of a great "Appeal from Women for the Vote," that has been signed by 257,000 women of all ranks and opinions. Nearly every woman of intellectual and professional standing has signed it, and a vast number of the working class too. It made a most imposing show in the historic precincts of the House.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



Photo Banks, Manchester.

PRESENTATION TO MRS. MACARA.

The three hundred ladies who have formed the Manchester and Salford Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Life-Boat Saturday Fund have presented the organiser of the movement, Mrs. Macara, with a handsome silver inkstand in the form of a model life-boat with pen-tray and candlesticks to match. This most appropriate gift is the handiwork of Messrs. Elkington, of St. Anne's Square, Manchester.



'NO VOICE, HOWEVER FEEBLE, LIFTED UP FOR TRUTH DIES.'—WHITTIER.

# DESTINY, OR TO LIVE FOR THIS DAY ONLY!

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, TOBACCO.

DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL THE HIGHEST AND BEST IN THIS LIFE.



**M. DUMAS AND THE AVERAGE MAN AND HIS PLEASURES.**—"If he has not some great ideal, such as a religious illusion, a love for science, a craze for art, a passion for charity, one of those all-absorbing delights of the soul, he redescends into instinct, begins to live for the day passing over his head, and appeals to satisfactions of a gross nature, but prompt and certain. They will kill him, perhaps; but what is it that does not in the long run kill? And since men must move towards death by whatever road they take, why not select the pleasantest? and what matters it whether the end be reached a little sooner or a little later? Who knows even whether the short cut is not after all the best?"

*'And such is human life, so gliding on; it glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'*

## DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

**EXPERIENCE** shows that POISONOUS ANILINE DYES, PINK or CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET, or ACIDULATED SHERBET masked with SUGAR, HAZARDOUS BRAIN-TIPPLES, or any form of PICK-ME-UP, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandies, are all very apt to disagree, while Light White Wines, and Gin or Old Whisky largely diluted with Mineral Water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the Liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost through alcoholic drinks, fatty substances, or want of exercise, and places the invalid on the right track to health. If its Great Value in keeping the body in health were universally known NO FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

**USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'**—It is SIMPLE, SOOTHING, COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING in Health or Disease.

**HEADACHE AND ALMOST EVERY FORM OF DISEASE.**—

A gentleman writes: "I have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in Headaches and almost every form of Disease for nearly twenty-five years. As a rule I found it everything I could wish. Its action was always natural, simple, soothing, yet potent when required, without hazardous force, such as brain-tipple or pick-me-up in any form or condition. (Always did good, never any harm.) Can be used for any length of time without the least danger.—Yours truly, TRUTH."

**DR. A. B. GRIFFITHS, F.R.S. (Edin.), F.C.S.,** Member of the Chemical Societies of Paris and St. Petersburg, &c., Author of "A Manual of Bacteriology," &c., writes:

"London, July 12, 1895.  
"I hereby certify that I have examined several samples of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and find that it is of uniform strength and of the highest state of purity. It is a valuable preparation of soothing, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating properties. It is perfectly harmless, and as it is an effervescent preparation, it is pleasant to take. I have no hesitation in saying that ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is an EXCELLENT SALINE RESTORATIVE APERTIENT."  
(Signed) A. B. GRIFFITHS."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT WHERE IT HAS BEEN TAKEN IN THE EARLIEST STAGES OF A DISEASE IT HAS IN INNUMERABLE INSTANCES PREVENTED WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE BEEN A SERIOUS ILLNESS. THE EFFECT OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' UPON A DISORDERED AND FEVERISH CONDITION OF THE SYSTEM IS MARVELLOUS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS, and occasionally Poisonous, Imitation.

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Fine Pearl Bracelet, £2.

Fine Pearl Brooch, £3 5s.

Fine Gold Brooch, thyst, or Garnet with Topaz, Amethyst, or Garnet Centre, £1 10s.

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Fine Oriental Pearl Neck Chain, £5.

Diamond and Pearl Pendant, £10 10s.

Fine Pearl and Gold Brooch, £1 17s. 6d.

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Fine Gold and Pearl Brooch, 10s.

Fine Gold Links, with Pearl Centres, £3 15s. Diamond, £6 10s.

Fine Diamond Pin, £4 12s.

Fine Ruby, Diamond, and Gold Brooch, £5.

Fine Diamond Necklace, forming Tiara, £42.

Elegant Brooch Watch. Brooch of Gold and Enamel, £3 10s. Watch, with Diamonds on Enamel and Pearl Circle, £17 10s. Complete, £21.

Registered Design. The "Coupling" Brooch, in Diamonds and Enamel, £8. Also made in Pearls and Gold.

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Fine Gold Brooch Attachment, £1 15s.

Fine Gold Watch, £17 10s. Complete, £19 5s.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1890) with a codicil (dated Sept. 9, 1892) of Mr. Alphonse Alexander Charles Jacques Rüffer, of 39, Lombard Street, London, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. A. Rüffer and Sons, merchants and foreign bankers, was proved on May 15 by Ernest Rüffer and Pierre Maurice Rüffer, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £319,513. The testator, after declaring that his domicile was English, gives all his real and personal estate to his children in equal shares. By the codicil the testator makes provision for leaving the whole of his capital in the firm of Messrs. A. Rüffer and Sons for a lengthened period.

The will (dated Feb. 29, 1888), with three codicils (dated March 29, 1888, Dec. 27, 1893, and July 17, 1895) of Mr. George Richmond, R.A., of 20, York Street, Portman Square, and the Porch House, Potterne, Wilts, who died on March 19, was proved on May 12 by the Rev. Thomas Knyvett Richmond, the son, Frederick William Farrer, and Joseph Watson Overbury, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £78,440. The testator gives £100 to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution; his drawings of the Rev. John Keble and Samuel Rogers, the poet, to the National Portrait Gallery; Porch House and other property at Potterne, Wilts, and £9000 to his son, Thomas Knyvett; the lease of 20, York Street and certain furniture and effects to his daughter Edith, and £9000, upon trust, for her for life, then to her children, and in default thereof to her brothers and sisters as she shall by will appoint; and numerous specific and pecuniary legacies to children, grandchildren, servants, and

others. The residue of his moneys and securities for money he leaves between his eight following children—William Blake, Harry Inglis, Walter Coleridge, John, Mary, Julia, Laura Maria, and Cecilia Sarah.

The will (dated May 21, 1895), with a codicil (dated May 30, 1895), of Mr. Griffith Jones, of 22, Camden Square, Camden Road, who died on March 26, was proved on May 7 by Owen Morgan Owen and David Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £74,258. The testator bequeaths his leasehold house, 22, Camden Square, with the furniture and contents thereof, to his wife; £500 each to his nephew, Owen Morgan Owen and to his sister, Gwenn Owen; £3500 to John Morgan Owen; and legacies amounting to £2700 to relatives and people in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. Upon her death he directs that the trust funds are to be divided into forty-eight parts, and he gives one of such parts to the Welsh Calvinistic Mission, in the hills of Cassia, India; two such parts between the Welsh Calvinistic Chapels at Hammersmith, Holloway, Stratford, Charing Cross Road, and Talsarnau, Wales; another of such parts between the Charing Cross Hospital and the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, and the remaining forty-four parts between many of his relatives.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1890) of the Hon. Arthur Gollibrand Hubbard, of The Grange, East Grinstead, and formerly of 24, Princes Gate and of Selwyn Castle, Grahamsdown, Cape of Good Hope, who died on March 7 last, was proved on May 13 by Mrs. Amy d'Esterre Hubbard, the widow, and the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, the brother, the value of the personal estate being £26,987.

The testator gives all his property in the Cape of Good Hope, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal Republic, the house in which he is residing at the time of his death, with the furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and £500 to his wife; and £50 to his brother, the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he bequeaths £31,250 moneys in the English firm of John Hubbard and Co. between his children (except his eldest son) as she shall appoint; £22,600, part of his money in the St. Petersburg firm of Egerton Hubbard and Co. to his eldest son; and the ultimate residue of his property between all his children in equal shares.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Lady Ellen Elizabeth Aitchison, of 4, Devonshire Place, Portland Place, who died on March 30, a widow and intestate, were granted on May 14 to Archibald John Thomas Francis Aitchison, the son and only next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate, amounting to £18528.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Philip Pierce, of Rocklands, Wexford, Ireland, agricultural implement maker, who died on Oct. 13 intestate, a bachelor without parent, have been granted to John Pierce, the brother, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £24,397.

The will of George Marie Stanislaus Kostka, Duc de Stacpoole, otherwise the Right Rev. Monsignor de Stacpoole, of 63, Cadogan Gardens, Domestic Prelate to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who died on March 16, at 29, Piazza Monte d'Oro, Rome, was proved on May 16 by George Marie Stanislaus William Joseph Anthony

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**"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"**  
ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

**PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.**

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are now supplied in a new size, viz., "MAGNUMS." They are packed in Pocket Tins containing 16, and in 50's and 100's.

**ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED  
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LEGAL GUARANTEE.

**7½d.**

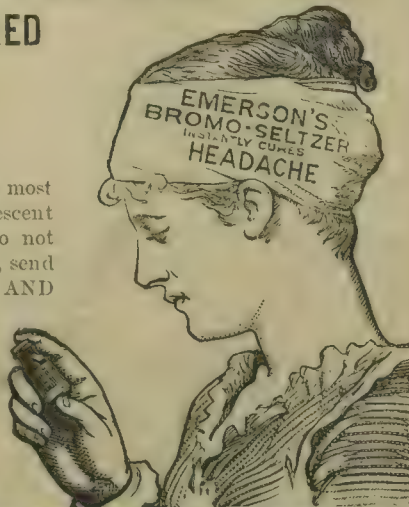
**EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER**, the most successful American Remedy, is an effervescent powder, taken in water. If three doses do not cure any headache, no matter how caused, send the bottle to us, saying where obtained, AND WE WILL AT ONCE REFUND THE PRICE. Trial bottle, post free, 7½d. Larger sizes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 3d. Sold by many Chemists, or obtained to order by almost all.

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Pure Concentrated  
**Cocoa**

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# How shall we save life?

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By the use of **LIFEBUOY SOAP.**

Where there are dirty boards and sinks, musty cupboards and foul smells, there disease is surely germinating, and will thrive. This deadly work can be stopped with one bar of

## LIFEBUOY ROYAL DISINFECTANT SOAP.

It will not only remove the seeds of sickness which thrive in dirt, but it will destroy them.

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ONLY LONDON: **66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.** (Next Sir John Bennett's.)  
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**"QUEEN'S" PLATE**  
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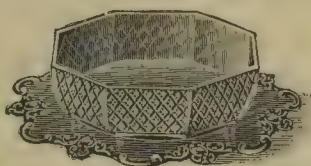
THE FINEST IN THE WORLD. HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF 80 YEARS.



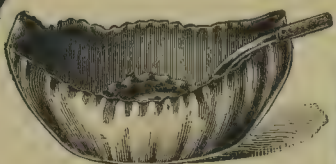
BY HER MAJESTY'S SPECIAL WARRANT



Antique Coffee or Hot Water Jug.  
"Queen's" Plate.  
2 half-pints, £3 0 0    Solid Silver, £6 15 0  
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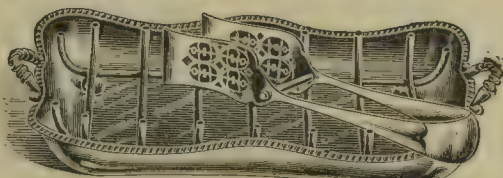


"Queen's" Plate and Cut-Glass Butter-Dish, 15s.



Sugar-Bowl, Shaped and Crimped, complete, with Sifter, "Queen's" Plate, 18s.

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(Prices Reduced)  
POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.



Asparagus-Tray, with Drainer, "Queen's" Plate, £2 12s. 6d.  
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Oak-Case, Brass Bound, containing 12 finest African Ivory-Handled Table-Knives, 12 Cheese-Knives, 1 Pair Meat-Carvers, 1 Pair Poultry-Carvers and Steel, complete, £7 5s.



Finest Cut-Glass Claret-Jug.  
"Queen's" Plate Mounts £2 10 0  
Solid Silver Mounts ... 3 15 0

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Afternoon Tea-Service, Georgian Design.  
"Queen's" Plate, complete ... £5 10 0  
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Solid Silver Fruit or Sweetmeat Dish.  
7½ inches, 31s. 6d.    9½ inches, 47s. 6d.

**MAPPIN BROTHERS,**

66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.  
220, REGENT STREET, W.



Corinthian Column Candlestick, height 6 in.  
"Queen's" Plate, 32s. per Pair.  
Solid Silver, £4 4s.



Cut-Glass Salad-Bowl,  
"Queen's" Plate Mount, £1.  
Servers to match, 16s. per pair.

**220, REGENT ST., W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (NEXT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S); & THE QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.**



Aloysius Louis Gonzague, Duc de Staepoole, the son and sole executor, the gross value of the personal estate being £5100.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick William Todd, of Keynstone Lodge, near Blandford, Dorset, who died on March 6 at 35, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, was proved on May 12 by Henry Jeffries Badcock and Henry Charles Sweet, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4681.

The will of Colonel Alexander Cockburn, of 35, Elvaston Place, Queen's Gate, who died on April 2, at San Remo, Italy, has been proved by Lieutenant-Colonel William Newbigging, the nephew, and Arthur Frederick D'Oyly, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £10,901.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Beresford Hudson Browning, of 5, Menai Villa Terrace, Menai Bridge, Anglesea, and the Brewery, Trosycanol, Bangor, who died on March 5, was proved at the Bangor District Registry on April 21 by Marcellus Purnell Castle and William Thornton Jones, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4659.

The will and codicil of Colonel Henry Charles Byrde, J.P., D.L., of Gotrey, Monmouthshire, who died on Oct. 15, was proved at the Llandaff District Registry on April 27 by the Rev. Frederick Louis Byrde and the Rev. Richard Augustus Byrde, the sons, and Miss Annie Elizabeth Frances Byrde, the daughter; the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £4750.

## PLUMAGE.

Year, by year, in the later days of summer—even while summer has yet hardly reached its prime—there begin to reappear upon the long-deserted sands the dunlins and the plovers, the curlews and the oyster-catchers, and all those many tenants of the wintry shore that yearly leave us in the springtime to rear their broods in the Siberian marshes or among the hills of Lapland. So brief, indeed, is their sojourn in the north that the new generation often come to us still wearing traces of the down of their nestling plumage. And then, as autumn days draw in, and a touch of winter hardens the wide mud-flats, there gather on each low-lying shore armies of sandpipers, whose numbers grow with each returning tide. Night after night we hear their musical voices along the sandy margin of the river, whose brown waters loiter slowly to the sea, and pause and turn to listen to the clear call of some wandering curlew, the shrill whistle of a dunlin, the plaintive crying of a troop of plovers. Birds of a feather, these dwellers by the shore, clad in quiet browns and greys, whose tinting harmonises well with the sober background of their haunts—with the sad-coloured mud-flats, the cold shingle, and the ribbed sea-sand. Many birds that lay their eggs upon the ground are protected thus by the tints and markings of their plumage. In the feathers of the woodcock we see the dead leaves that strew the coppice. In the marking of the snipe there is some marvellous copying of the dry grass and yellow sedges of its lurking place among the marshes.

The very skylark, when it crouches on the ground, is like a patch of the brown grass of the upland. Nor is this protective colouring given only to birds that live chiefly on the ground. The green woodpecker of our own glades and orchards, the parrots, the magnificent trogons of the tropical forests—birds which seem to us so conspicuous when away from their natural surroundings—wear a livery which, among the green leaves of their haunts, helps to hide them from the eyes alike of hawk or hunter. But of all birds of the air there is none that is more carefully protected by the hand of Nature than the ptarmigan, whose summer dress of brown and grey, a perfect copy of the heather and the lichen-coated rocks about its haunts, changes in the autumn to grey and white, and in the winter is like driven snow.

Few birds are absolutely white. Even the ptarmigan has some black feathers in its tail and a dark mark on the side of the head, as well as that touch of vivid scarlet over the eye which is the race-mark of so many of its clan. The four swans that we call British are all white. But of some twenty terns and sea-gulls there is only one, the ivory gull, which has no dark mark of any kind—black head or black wing-tips, or at least some slight relief of grey. The gulls are protected by no change of colour, and in the springtime they are driven to seek safety among remote islets and on the ledges of steep cliffs, where for the most part they are beyond the reach of harm. Many of them, too, are powerful birds. The herring-gull, for example, is himself among the bandits of the air, and has been seen to show fight even to a raven. The raven

## HANS PLACE HOTEL

Hans Crescent, Belgravia, London, S.W.

Will be three minutes' walk of the Albert Gate Entrance to Hyde Park.

This Family Hotel, sumptuously furnished and appointed.

## NOW OPEN FOR VISITORS.

It is luxuriously complete in every detail. There are many self-contained Suites of Apartments (each having a Bath-room), ensuring the utmost privacy, as well as Single Bed-rooms.

A HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT (à la carte and à fixed prices) is attached to the Hotel for NON-RESIDENTS.

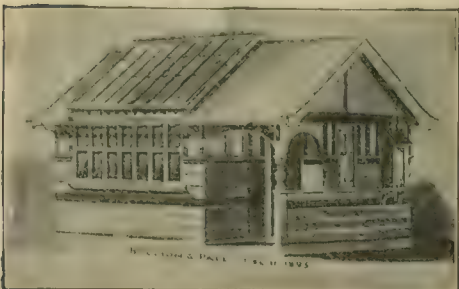
## RECHERCHÉ CUISINE,

Manager, Mons. C. DIETTE.

One of the many attractions of this Hotel is the unique **WINTER GARDEN**, splendidly proportioned, and occupying an area of 2500 square feet.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIOS, DARK ROOMS, &c.



PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, AS ABOVE, 18 ft. by 12 ft., containing Studio, 12 ft. by 12 ft., Porch, Lobby, and Dark Room. Cash Price, carriage paid, £53 15s.

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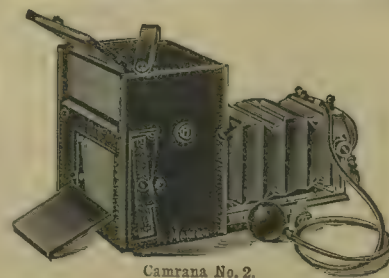


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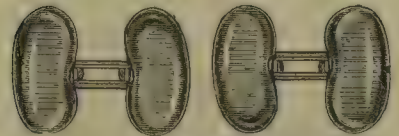
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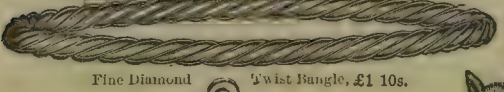
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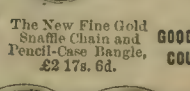
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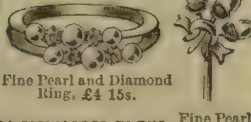
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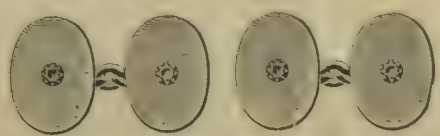
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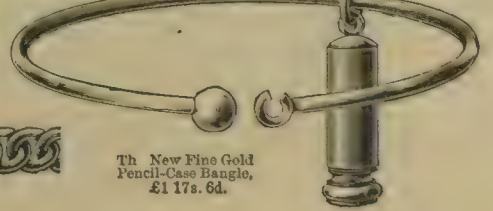
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and the carrion-crow, again, are equally conspicuous, from their blackness. They, too, are strong enough to defend themselves, and are in no need of any protective colouring. The crow and the raven are perhaps the very blackest of fowl. The chough's plumage is of a tone more dead, and it is without the slight gloss of purple which relieves the darkness of the raven and the crow. But the chough's legs and bill are bright red, while his two sable kinsmen have no mark about them which is not as the blackness of the night. Yet, sombre as their feathers are, they are the nearest allies we have in Europe of the Birds of Paradise, in whose wonderful decorations plumage is seen in its most striking forms. Even these magnificent creatures, however, are surpassed in brilliancy by the humming-birds. To describe their colours the names of pigments fail us, and the most prosaic of writers are driven to liken them to the ruby and the topaz, the sapphire and the emerald.

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rich, lustrous golden green. We are apt to think that there are no birds in this country to compare with those of the Tropics; but few birds can show a hue more beautiful than the dark green upon the mallard's velvet head. The common yellow-hammer of the country lane is, in its summer dress, one of the loveliest creatures of the air. And although we have, indeed, no bird so brilliant as the scarlet ibis, or that tall flamingo that has in its time been taken for a British soldier, even their tones of red are not more beautiful than the touch of crimson on the linnet's crown, or the exquisite flush upon the breast of the bullfinch. It is hard to say which of our own birds is the most beautiful. The jay is, perhaps, the most striking woodland figure, with his crest, his wine-coloured body, the bold contrasts of his plumage, and that marvellous touch of blue in the dark feathers of his wing. If we prize the kingfisher most of all, it is not only for his hues of green and chestnut and pale luminous azure, but also because we get such brief glimpses of his beauty, when, like the sudden flash of some rare meteor, we see him flying swift and straight along the brown water of the river, or catch sight of him, for a moment only, between the fern-hung banks of his haunt upon the mountain stream.

F. A. K.

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BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

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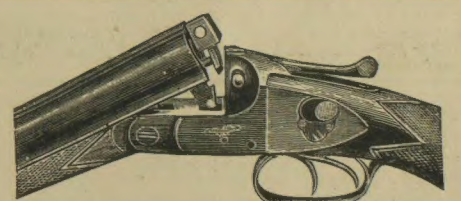
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the stage when plain solid fare would do just as well. However, all that is the managers' business, not mine. Nearly every manager in London has a backer, or a "syndicate," or something of the kind, so he is playing with other people's money, not his own; but I do not think he should give himself so many airs about art missions and so on, when in reality he is advertising himself and playing parts for which nature never intended him with money he has never earned. So far as I can see, the syndicate business and the actor-manager agency business have not given to the stage or to art one first-class actor or actress, and they are badly wanted at the present hour; but commercial cliques and rings in the City have bolstered up reputations and individuals, giving to the public at large a wholly false impression.

However, the summer has come, and the triumphant successes have tumbled down like so many packs of cards at

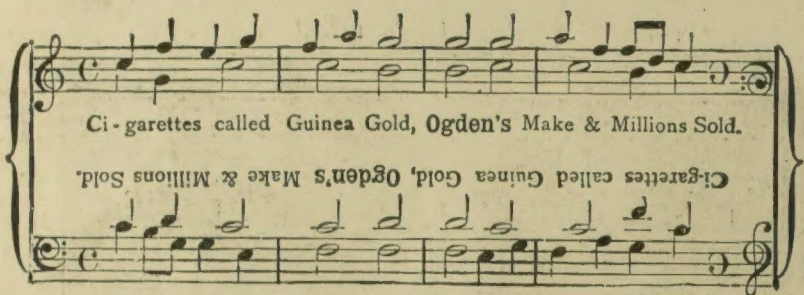
the mere sight of the sun. For special stars the summer is all very well. Society goes to the opera, society will always go to see Sarah Bernhardt or geniuses of her pattern; but in the summer the steady-going playgoer is away all over the country on his "bike," among the trees laden with delicious blossom, and is enjoying the fun of the negro minstrels or a concert-hall party on the sands by the sounding sea. Who can wonder at it? In June the holidays begin, for, as we all know, in Government offices, in great establishments, and in small shops these holidays are taken in relays. We cannot all be holiday-making in August. It is a wonder to me that more holidays are not taken in early June. I have spent my Whitsuntide amidst such blossoms as I have never seen before in my life. Lane after lane hedged on either side with almond-scented hawthorn, trees of laburnum so profuse with gold that you cannot see a leaf or twig, garden after garden roseate with

single and double may, fields of buttercups, daisies, and double red clover—and then they talk of the flower gardens of Japan as a marvel in nature! I would back Hayling Island on Whit Monday 1896 against Japan or the Brazils. Small wonder then that holiday-makers cry "Thalassa! Thalassa!" and prefer the scent of nature to orange peel, and the moon upon the farm-lands to the electric light.

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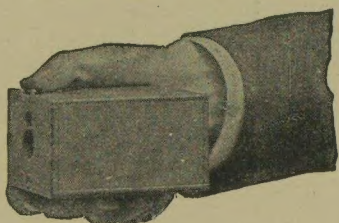


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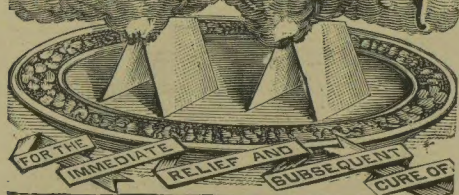
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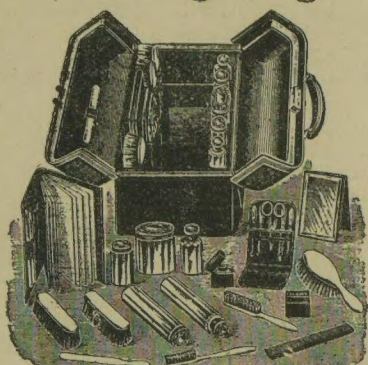
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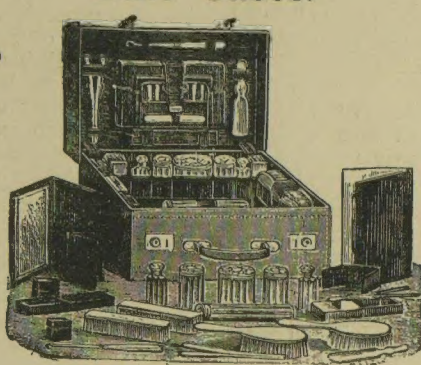
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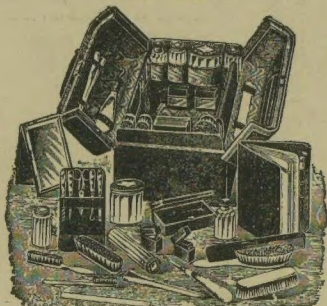
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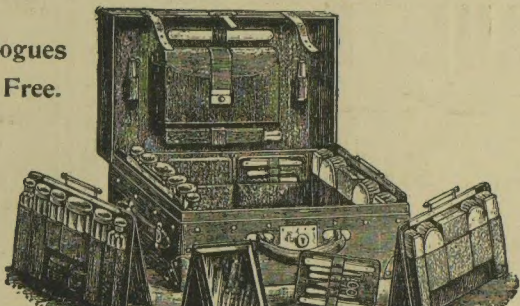
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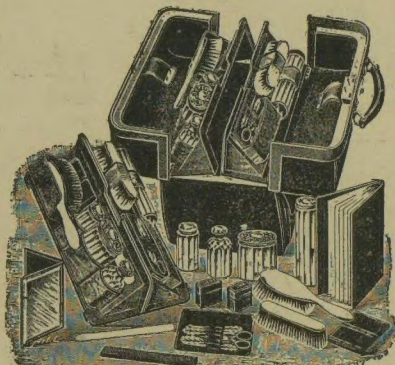
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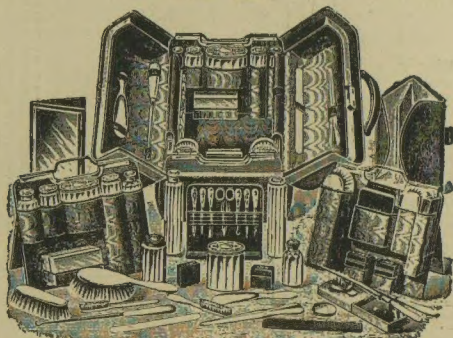
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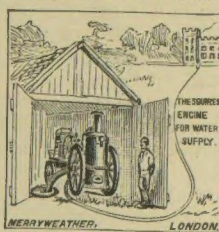
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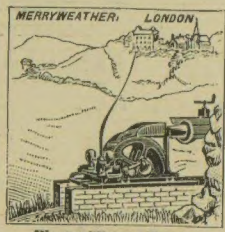
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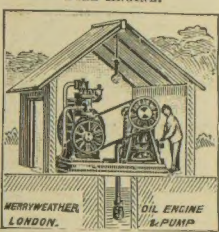
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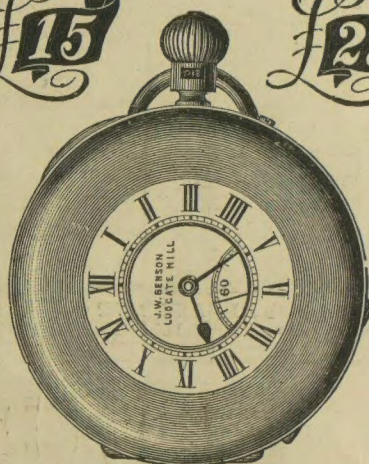
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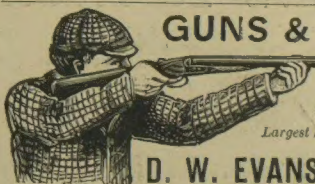
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was money more hardly earned. I think of the cars between San Francisco and New York—as good as cars can be, but still cars; I think of the packing and unpacking, of the rehearsals at strange theatres, of the invitations, the dinners, the suppers, the speeches, the interviews, and I roll over in a buttercup meadow, the book just fallen from my hands, I look up into the blue sky, I hear the distant sea, larks and thrushes and blackbirds are giving me a serenade, cuckoos are answering one another from wood to wood, and I ask myself if any money in the world would compensate for these lost joys.

But there are some artistic spirits indefatigable to the end. Miss Olga Nethersole, only just returned from a fatiguing tour in America, where nature many a time and oft bid her rest and take her ease, has at last discovered

a theatre untrammelled by syndicates, and she will appear in a few days' time in Mr. Henry Hamilton's successful version of Prosper Merimée's novel of "Carmen." It is a pity, I think, that the first appearance of the new "Carmen" in London has been precluded with reminders of the wholesale chaff of American papers concerning an act of realism which may or may not be true. I am certain that Miss Nethersole is too much of an artist to lend herself to any act of sensationalism; and besides, she knows what an English audience is like. It does not go out as the folk do in America; but it is apt to be a bit nasty when it is least expected. No more passionate actress has been seen in the last century than Sarah Bernhardt, but the success of her *Fédora*, *Tosca*, *Adrienne*, or what you will, never depended on ultra-realism any-

where. When did the divine Sarah have columns written about any kiss of hers in any play? And surely there has been kissing enough in her famous repertoire.

A new play called "Josiah's Dream" has recently been produced at the Strand Theatre, based on the old dream in advance of what the world will be like a century hence. If it is anything like what it is represented to be in "Josiah's Dream," I am heartily thankful that I shall not see it. Peace under the daisies will be better than this "confounded racket." But, as is sometimes the case, the people laughed the more as the play ran riot with extravagance. For my own part, I infinitely preferred the little play in advance by Mr. Henry T. Johnson called "Good-Bye." It was charmingly played by Mr. C. M. Lowne and Mr. Bentham, a young actor of great promise.

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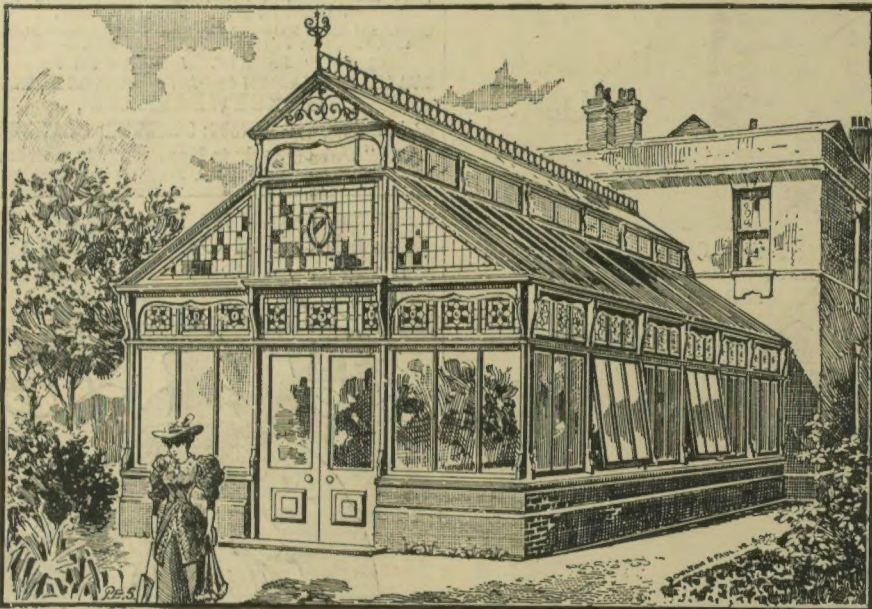
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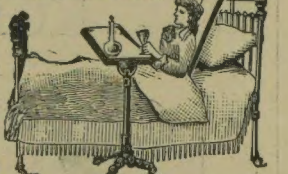
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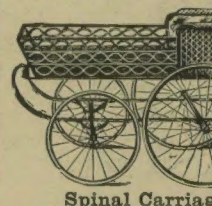
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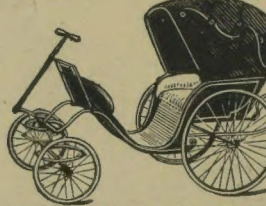
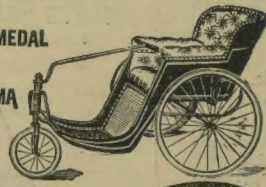
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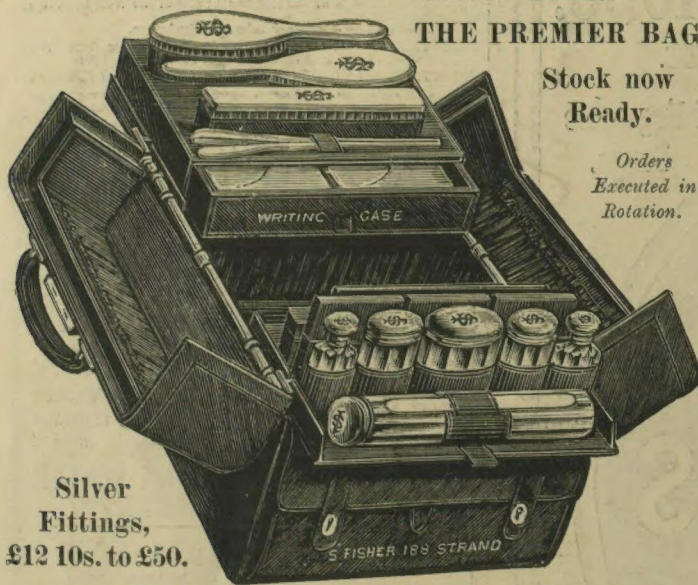
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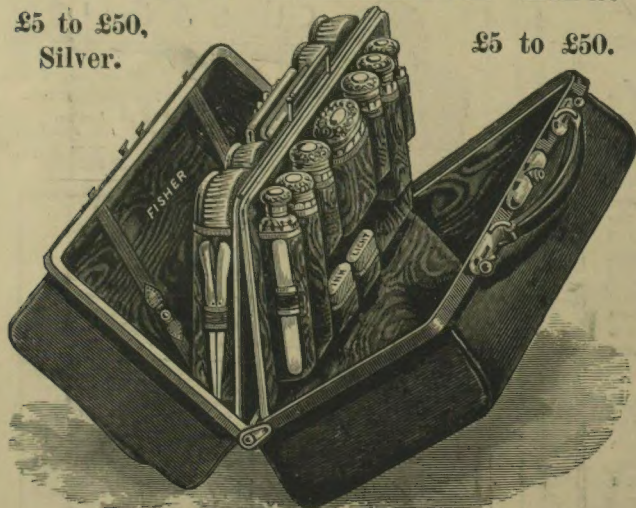
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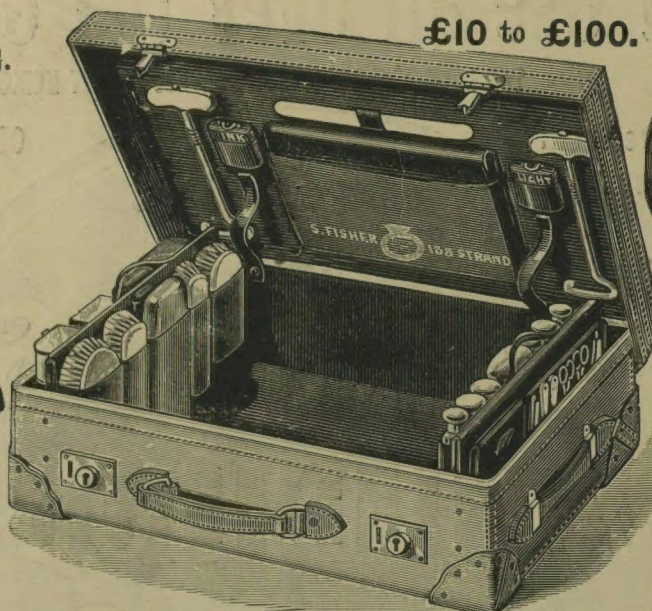
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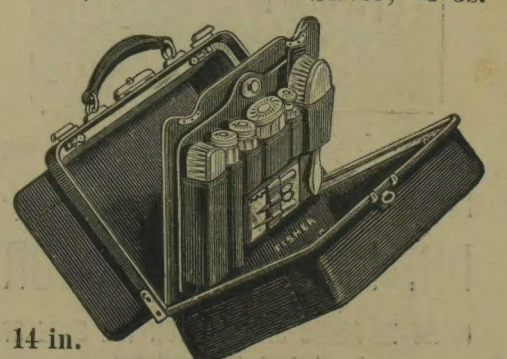
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